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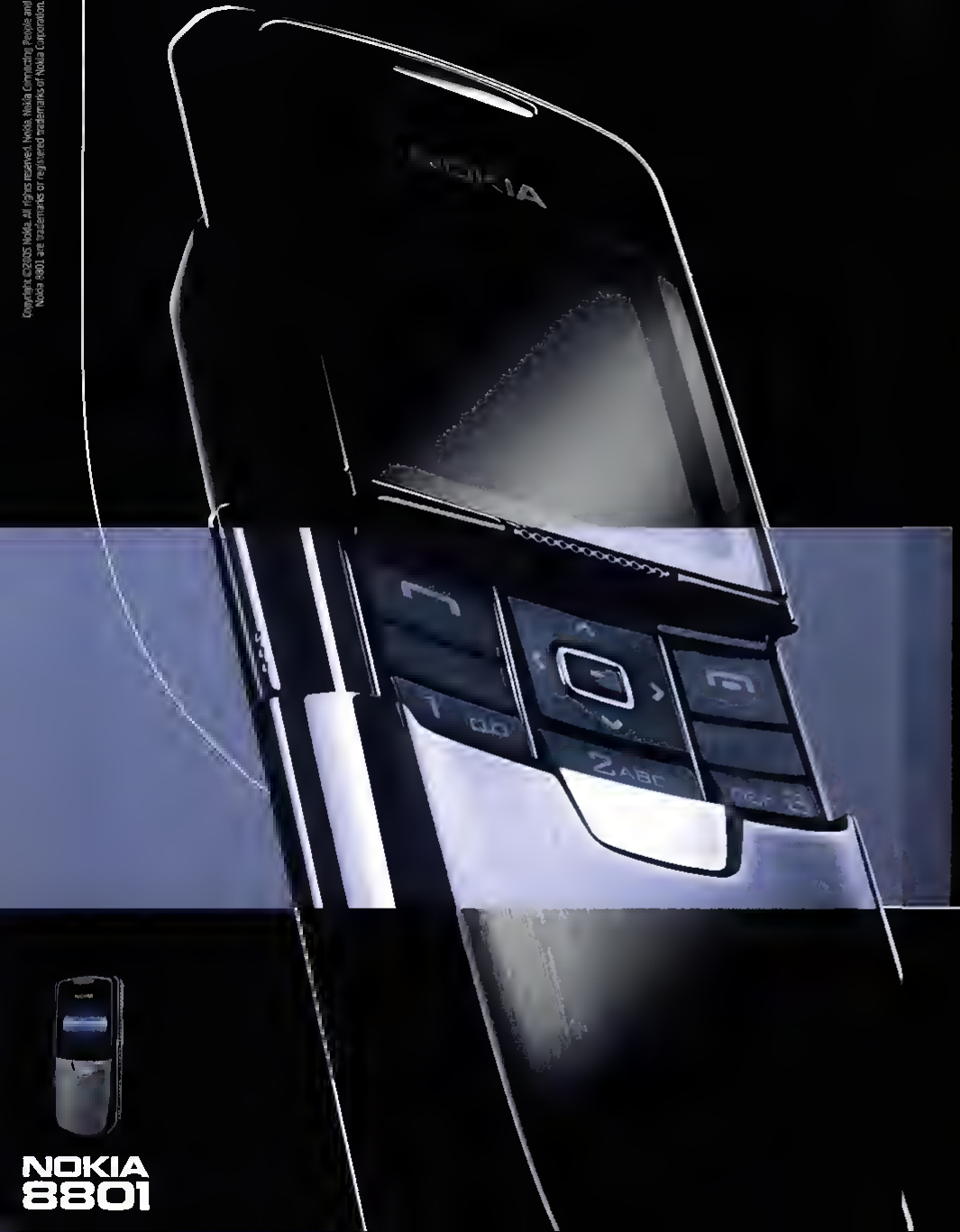
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A new leaf

There is a great deal of change in this issue of *Maclean's*. Among the highlights, we have introduced new 'signage'

at the top and bottom of our cover, allowing us to present a half-dozen (or more) stories in an attractive and orderly manner. In keeping with a renewed focus on current affairs, we will be using more candid photography to illustrate the main cover story, a newsier family of typefaces, and a colour palette limited primarily to traditional news colours: black, white, red and yellow. These alterations to our priorities and appearance will be carried through the magazine.

In the opening pages, we are reintroducing a "letter from the editors" (you are here). The letter will allow us to speak directly to readers on everything from the issues of the day to developments in our business. It will often be written by the editor-in-chief but, in any event, will always be the voice of the magazine. Paul Wells, our former back page columnist, becomes our leading man with this issue. His column follows the letters pages. We have replaced "Up Front" with a more comprehensive selection of news briefs and anecdotes under the banner "Seven Days." As well, the *Maclean's* interview has regained the prominence it enjoyed in the '70s and '80s. Now running at two pages, it will be conducted in alternating weeks by Linda Frum and the editor in chief.

Our national, international, and business sections are the core of the magazine, the place where we do our most important journalism. We have rebuilt and expanded these sections in order to present more original reporting and analysis on the essential stories of the day. We are in the process of bolstering our presence in Ottawa. On the foreign side, we have recently added Luiza Ch. Savage in Washington and Michael Petrou based in Oxford, England (and travelling the rest of Europe). Adnan R. Khan continues to file from the Middle East.

The middle of the magazine will also see more regular appearances of our education, health, crime, justice, home, and society pages, among other sections. The news coverage ends with our new "Newsmakers" feature, a double-page spread of items on people making news in Canada and abroad. This, admittedly, is something of a throwback in the arsenal of current affairs weeklies, but it was always a favourite of readers and, to our mind, should never have disappeared. Readers may notice a short item at the bottom of the page at the end of every news section. These "basements," as we call them, are light pieces included for no grander purpose than your amusement.

Also new is "The Back Pages," a large section, by our historic standards, of arts, entertainment, books, sports and consumer-culture coverage. It opens with an extended report or essay—this week, Brian D. Johnson's profile of the newly politicized actor George Clooney—followed by single-page stories on books, film, and TV, among other subjects. Our "Recommended" list—a random compendium of things that make life worth living—debuts on page 79. Humorist Scott Feschuk, a recent addition to *Maclean's*, takes his new position on the penultimate editorial page, followed by "The End," our new back page.

All told, there is about 50 per cent more text in *Maclean's* than when we began revamping the magazine six months ago. That's 50 per cent more news, analysis, profiles, and editorial surprises by an outstanding team of Canadian journalists. The magazine will continue to evolve and grow in the weeks to come, adding still more pages, voices and features. Our ultimate goal is to inaugurate *Maclean's* second century of publishing by delivering each week a magazine as vital, intelligent, and enjoyable as we've been at any point in the last 100 years.

One final note: we've also brought back to the *Maclean's* nameplate an "apostroleaf" that will change colour and shape each week—no two apostroleaves will ever be alike. As always, we look forward to your feedback.

KENNETH WHYTE

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MAIL BAG

'When my kid comes home having smoked a joint, he'll be told he can do that when he is out of high school, not sooner'

Up in smoke

I was struck by several things in Marni Jackson's article about marijuana smoking with children ("Pass the weed, Dad," Cover, Nov. 7), such as the challenge of trying to teach kids how to exercise good sense around any substance that impairs judgment. It's not too surprising that every family Jackson interviewed that was concerned about their teens' marijuana use had a parent who smoked it. Kids don't listen nearly as much as they watch and learn. And apparently what those kids have been watching and learning is not only pot smoking but some shame, dishonesty and inconsisteney from their parents. Of course, none of this is confined to marijuana. Another common scenario I see in my practice is a parent who is alarmed by their child's marijuana use but unwilling to face their own alcoholism. I suppose "do what I say, not what I do" hasn't become any more successful as a parenting technology than it ever was. The reality is that marijuana causes numbing and forgetting. What if the environments of these teens and adults inspired something other than a desire to tune out?

Dr. Conrad Suchler, Burlington, Ont.

It's all very simple. Not everything is for children—not pot, booze, sex, or credit cards. When my kid comes home having smoked a joint or consumed alcohol, he will be told that it is something he can do when he is out of high school, and not sooner. If he says, "But you do it," I will answer, "Yes, because I am an adult, your father. There are things permitted to me that are forbidden to you, and pot is one of them." I will not go into a song and dance about how marijuana will ruin his life, because that is a lie. When the time is right, I will teach him about all the illegal drugs, their histoey, their effects, when they are useful and when they cause harm.

Harry Fisher, Woodland Hills, Calif.

I remember my parents hiding their pot smoking from me, or at least pretending to. And they were hard on my sisters and me when we were caught with marijuana. In addition to the "Don't you smoke pot" speech, we got a "And I better never catch you with my pot" speech. I never hid the fact that I smoked marijuana from my daughter. We didn't have a medical marijuana law in Oregon in 1993 when my cancer was finally diagnosed, but we did have the Drug Abuse Resistance Education program at her kindergarten. She came home in tears because a policeman told her that marijuana could kill. I looked into her eyes and told her, "That man lied to you." We talked about the drugs for my cancer treatment. But mostly we talked about how it was important for her to know what was right and what was wrong for herself and not to just go along with what some jerk in a uniform told her. When



the Oregon Medical Marijuana Act was passed, it changed my life. Mostly, medical marijuana patients are very open about their use and we are able to be honest with our families without the disapproval that recreational smokers have to endure. Many of us are teaching our kids that medical marijuana is a very serious medicine for seriously ill or hurt people rather than a party toy for everybody.

Jenifer Valley, Portland, Ore.

You make no mention of the Health Officers Council paper, which was released last month. This discussion paper suggested that all currently illegal drugs should be regulated and controlled by mainstream society. Drug prohibition produces a robust black market that spawns significant health and social pathologies, engages our youth, makes drugs widely available, and enriches criminals. The time is right for us to move away from a failed criminal justice approach to controlling drugs. We need to explore a public health approach to create drug control legislation based on evidence and the reduction of harm.

Mark Haden, Vancouver

I was misquoted in "The cannabis connoisseur." I explained that *indica* and *sativa* were thought to be subspecies of the undomesticated *ruderalis* plant, not that *indica* was a subspecies of *sativa*. As well, I said mixing tobacco with pot was "a European thing," not bongs.

Chris Bennett, Vancouver

The other day, I heard a father say that he preferred to be known as his son's friend. That is a real cop-out. Teenagers need fathers and mothers. They need direction. They need discipline. They need role models. They need attention. They need love. They have enough friends to steer them down those paths that lie. Sometimes, many times, a parent has to be an a--hole in the eyes of their children. And to that mother who is worried because her kid is smoking upstairs, I say, what on earth are you doing about it?

John Morrison, Mill Bay, B.C.

AIDS and the numbers

I wish Barbara Amiel was right when she writes that "possibly the truth is that African AIDS cases are considerably fewer than reported" ("Are AIDS stats real?" Column, Oct. 31). But the facts on the ground do not support her theory. In the 25 African countries where World Vision operates AIDS-related programs, our staff members daily witness a predictable pattern of death and dying that is destroying the continent's economic and social fabric. Annihilation is how African leaders describe it. How many more reports and counter reports do we need to convince us that this is a global emergeney? The world has known about this crisis for years, and yet our intervention is still so inadequate that I find myself vacillating between anger and tears, especially when I visit communities in Africa. During local meetings I've attended over the past five years, when I ask how many people have lost relatives as a result of HIV/AIDS, without exception almost everyone raises their hands. The next time I sit beside an African mother who is dying, I'll comfort her with Amiel's musings that the stats might be off.

Dave Toycen, President, World Vision Canada, Mississauga, Ont.

Amiel asks for facts, yet commits the first sin of responsible researeh, quoting from one source, Tom Bethell, who apparently finds the number of AIDS victims questionable. There is current research from many reliable



MAIL BAG

'I'll sit beside a mother dying of AIDS and comfort her with musings about the stats being off and say we can't help until we have the proper numbers'

sources, Canada's Stephen Lewis being first to mind. Her most offensive comment is that she supposes, "Heterosexual AIDS suits Western egalitarian fashions." I suggest that the poor women of Africa who contract AIDS because their husbands bring it home from the brothels of the cities see it as neither fashionable, nor egalitarian. Her shallow treatment of this horror is in equating deaths from AIDS with deaths from foul water. While both are critical issues in Africa, the clear difference is that AIDS begets more AIDS, creating a pandemic that has not been arrested.
Eleanor Huber, London, Ont.

Going ballistic

Kenneth Whyte's Q&A with author and former defence analyst Elinor Sloan ("Secure Canada Or else." The *Maclean's* Interview, Nov. 7) misleads Canadians into thinking that missile defence can save us from enemy intercontinental ballistic missiles. Actually, missile defence is part of a scheme to rationalize spending hundreds of millions of dollars on arsenals that will function at least as easily for offensive purposes as defensive ones. The military industrial complex is on course to make the U.S. pre-eminent in space. With American space weapons able to attack targets anywhere on earth, the U.S. will be able to control the ultimate military high ground. It is our duty to oppose such militarization.
E.P. Wilson, Gabriola Island, B.C.



AUTHOR AND FORMER DEFENCE ANALYST SLOAN: taking 'an unpopular stance'

A clear, concise, compelling argument for participation by Canada in the missile defence system of North America. An unpopular stance on a critical issue. Bravo!
Frances Bennett-Sutton, Thunder Bay, Ont.

Who's on first?

Peter C. Newman is entitled to his opinions but not factual errors. When Newman writes in his story about the possible Hudson's Bay Co. takeover that "Mostly Scots from the Shetlands and Orkneys, the early Bay men—were the original Canadians," he insults the obvious fact—recognized by all objective Canadian historians—that the Canadiens, as French explorers after Jacques Cartier became known, were the original Canadians, not the British, and certainly not the Scots ("A soft target," Business, Nov. 7). These original Canadiens became the co-founding race and nation (as described by Lord Durham) with the British at Confederation. Newman is also out in left field when he writes, "Although it [the Hudson's Bay Co.] owned the world's most valuable land monopoly . . ." because he fails to explain that the land was acquired by a takeover of Aboriginal territories in much the same manner as it is about to be taken over by, in Newman's terms, "an American vulture fund."
André W. Payant, Ottawa

Conduct unbecoming

With the release of the Gomery report, Canadians as a whole should be both ashamed and furious ("It's not over yet," Politics, Nov. 14). We should be ashamed that we have a government that has acted in a manner usually attributable to some Third World dictatorship, and furious that tax money collected from all over Canada has been siphoned into the pockets of Liberal-friendly businesses and donors. To be cynical, yes the money was wasted, but at least it was wasted and misspent in the Quebec economy. What about how the rest of Canada views the scandal? When Ontario and parts of Quebec and the Atlantic provinces re-elect a Liberal government, the silence that is noted west of Thunder Bay will be the temporary speechlessness of the majority of westerners when they realize their true place in Confederation.
John S.J. Bradley, Edmonton

Once upon a time there were two Canadians, one a civil servant, the other a powerful politician. These two Canadians would find themselves embroiled in a scandal that rocked their nation. Each man reacted in very different ways as the scandal unfolded. The civil servant's actions put his job in jeopardy and forced him into early retirement. The politician's inaction safeguarded his lock on the highest office in the land.

Allan Cutler, the now-famous sponsorship whistle-blower, began noticing irregularities in the Public Works procurement process in 1994, well before the sponsorship program was created. A career bureaucrat, his job was to negotiate and sign procurement contracts with suppliers of advertising to the government. He found himself on a direct collision course with Chuck Guite almost immediately after he started working for him. He started

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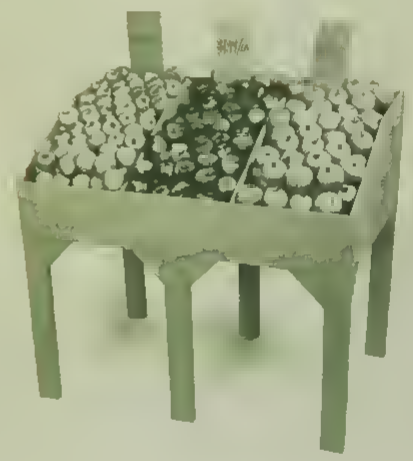
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When we say apple picking, is this what you think of?



Not that there's anything wrong with picking apples from grocery bins, we just think it's also important to think about the trees that the apples come from. This is where Ontario's Greenbelt comes in. It's a vast piece of protected countryside that wraps around the Golden Horseshoe and provides many of the locally grown fruits and vegetables that we eat. It also helps clean much of our air and water and, of course, gives us a great place to see lots of beautiful things – like apple trees. To learn more, visit ourgreenbelt.ca

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'Privilege is invisible to those who have it, and white people are the people of privilege in our society. To those without it, the inequities are obvious.'

keeping a computer log of department irregularities and for the next 18 months he copied official documents he knew he would need in the future. Finally, after consulting with the Professional Institute, he filed a grievance with the internal audit department of Public Works. Ostracized by his colleagues, he was hauled up on the carpet by Guite and told his job was about to become redundant.

Paul Martin was Canada's Finance minister and VP of the Treasury Board for almost 10 years from 1993 to 2002. He was the most senior Liberal cabinet minister from Quebec. In late 1999, the *Globe and Mail* broke the first wave of news on irregularities in the government's sponsorship and advertising procurement. In 2000, a second internal audit found the Treasury Board's rules were not followed. These events were widely reported in the national press. While Martin was still Finance minister in early 2002, he received a letter from Akaash Maharaj, the Liberal party's national policy chair, outlining concerns about questionable activities in the Quebec wing. Sheila Fraser released her "broke every rule in the book" report in May 2002. Just one month after the damning report was released, Martin resigned from cabinet, not because of the report but his inability to work with Prime Minister Jean Chretien.

Paul Martin stood on the sidelines and waited four years to do something. He had multiple opportunities to confront his colleagues and right the ship. He repeatedly chose the path of least resistance. Hoping the mess wouldn't stick to him, he hid behind his rift with Chretien.

The most admirable of human qualities is the courage to stand up to your peers. As many have acknowledged since the release of the Gomery report, Allan Cutler is a rare and courageous man. Now retired, Cutler has his own private consulting practice speaking and advising on ethical procurement. Somehow it doesn't seem fair that as a result of his actions, Cutler lived a nightmare and was forced to retire early on a reduced pension while Paul Martin's inactions led to the PMO.

Susan McArthur, Toronto

The business of war

Brian Bethune's otherwise excellent review of Peter Hessel's book *The Mystery of Frankenberg's Canadian Airman* ("The unknown soldier," Books, Nov. 7) is tarnished by his opening line, which suggests that, collectively, Canadians now feel guilty about bombing German cities in World War II. If Bethune took the time to interview Canadian flyers who survived those missions, or German aviators who participated in the blitz of London, he would find that those men do not share today's obsession with guilt, or a desire to find someone from whom they might seek forgiveness. They were at war, in the business of destroying their enemies and their support systems, and that included killing people. But it is hard to imagine those German civilians were less loyal to their country than Londoners were to theirs, or that they felt any more guilt after killing airman Jean-Maurice D'Avril than the men who yelled "bombs away" over Chemnitz.



AIRMAN D'AVRIL died of a beating near Chemnitz, Germany, in 1945. Hold the guilt.

Tom Philp, Colborne, Ont.

Sex—and style—still sell

When I read the lyrics *And I like the way you still say please / When you're looking up at me* in the Nickelback article ("Hell-bent for home," Music, Oct. 31), I was irked. But then I moved on to the article on Michaëlle Jean ("Rideau Hall oh la la," Governor General, Oct. 31), which uses every narrow and discriminatory female stereotype going, discussing Jean's shopping patterns, her emotional openness, her conservative eating habits, even sexualizing her walk. There was far less emphasis put on her ideas. The message is, women are given positions of power and prestige based on their attractiveness and stylishness—and that people are drawn to Jean because she is sexy and sultry. I find it debilitating to think that a popular, well-respected magazine could degrade women in such a way and get away with it.

Bridget Arsenault, Sackville, N.B.

Life after torture

I have read accounts of torture by barbarians of every stripe and I am at a loss to comprehend how humans can endure such abuse ("'I begged to confess,'" Justice, Oct. 31). I am always left to speculate upon the after-effects of such treatment. For example, would Canadian William Sampson, who tells such an awful tale of torture in a Saudi prison, now be sterile as a result of these attacks? What would be the long-range effects of the other abuses he suffered? No amount of training or other hardening-up can prepare humans to withstand torture, physically or psychologically. The torture Sampson describes makes hazing seem like a kid's game.

Don Carter, Brighton, Ont.

Stirring the melting pot

White people aspiring to be colour-blind do a serious disservice to all non-whites and whites alike ("White like us," Column, Oct. 24). Subscribing to this notion of not wanting to notice anyone's skin colour ignores the very real fact that we live in a society where it does matter what your skin colour is, like it or not. To ignore this is to ignore the multitude of experiences of racism and discrimination that non-white people endure. Privilege is invisible to those who have it, and white people are the people of privilege in our society. To those without privilege, the inequities are obvious.

Brenda Tombs, Vancouver

Although I don't believe we yet have a utopian society where every race, culture and class grouping has equal rights, I do believe that we are headed in that direction. In my neighbourhood, we have people of every race and religion who live together and go to school together, browse at the library together, shop in the same stores and try to raise their children to not only respect and care for their neighbours but to refuse to give up the idea that we can live in harmony. This doesn't happen overnight. Sometimes we take a step back, sometimes we take two steps forward. But the reality is we are learning together. We may never be colour blind (that would be unfortunate because colour is a beautiful thing), but maybe we can become colour-rich.

Jill DaSilva, Calgary

We need a hero

Thank you for the story on Const. Stephen Knight ("The bravest man in Canada," Profile, Oct. 24). This was a real story about a real person and real accomplishments in saving two people from imminent death. Stephen's selflessness is a ray of sunshine in a bombardment of stories on rapists, murderers, silly celebrities and other assorted psychos.

Shirley Brown, Coles Island, Queens County, N.B.

Stay, just a little bit longer

It's (almost) election time. The opposition parties want to delay, but you can't make water run uphill, and you can't make a Liberal run later.



PAUL WELLS

Oh good, you found me. And not a minute too soon. The election campaign has begun. Here's your briefing.

You're forgiven if you missed last week's election launch. The opposition parties thought they were *delaying* the campaign. They didn't want a Christmas election, so Jack Layton came up with a plan. The opposition will team up later this month to demand that the Liberals drop the writ early next year for an election slightly later next year. It's a delayed-action confidence vote. Oliver Cromwell in a time-release capsule: "Depart, I say, and let us have done with you. Just not quite yet. In the name of God, can you stick around until after the Boxing Day sales?"

But even when they vote together, the opposition parties can't repeal natural laws. They can't make water run uphill, and they can't make a Liberal run later. The core operations of a Liberal campaign had kicked into high gear before Layton's jaw stopped moving. Those operations can be divided into promises, horror stories, and photo ops. You'd better go pick the kids up from daycare, because Paul Martin will be there in 20 minutes with a camera crew.

Unless he finds himself fighting Quebec or Alberta separatists in 2007, this will be the Prime Minister's last political campaign, win or lose. Inevitably, it will be tinged with nostalgia. Much of the nostalgia will come from the Liberal party's ancient campaign themes, which worked a wonder in the last three election campaigns: (1) fear of Alberta, (2) fear of social conservatism, except when practised by Liberals; (3) an increasingly rickety claim to defending national unity in Quebec; (4) the near-infinite gullibility of New Democrat voters.

Let's pick these over. First, you notice I didn't list "fear of private health care." If Martin were against private health care, he'd designate Jean Charest as Public Health Care Enemy No. 1. Only last week, the Quebec government announced plans to let people buy private insurance for services covered under the public health care plan. But picking a fight with Charest would vaguely undermine the Grits' vague Quebec credentials. As long as there's still a chance of keeping Jean Lapierre's seat in Outremont, Martin won't do that. Fortunately, Ralph Klein's still around to play punching bag.

On social conservatism, the Liberals benefit from the massive Canadian pro-choice consensus—and the eagerness of some of my colleagues to spend an entire campaign hunting down an anti-abortion Conservative candidate, while leaving anti-abortion Liberals alone.



ILLUSTRATION BY AISLIN

On this issue, as on others, Stephen Harper faces an uphill climb. Many Canadians plainly find the Conservative leader terrifying. Yet, in most cases, his only crime is to believe today what Paul Martin believed in 2002: that the Kyoto accord won't work, that missile defence is swell, that gay marriage is icky, and that staying out of the Iraq war might be bad politics. In fact, if you push him on most of that, Harper will step back, which makes him more or less interchangeable with Martin.

Yet Harper remains an easy guy to demonize. Probably he can't do anything about the voters who've decided he's scary. His challenge in this election will be to hang onto voters who don't think he's scary—but do wonder (a) what he'd actually do as prime minister; and (b) why he's always so cranky.

I'm told the Conservatives have produced a much more elaborate campaign platform than anything we've seen yet. They've been afraid to show it to you because they're sure the Liberals will steal it. My hunch, based on not very much, is that it's actually a good platform. My other hunch is that the Tories will complain, the day after voting day, that the Canadian public didn't have enough time to get to know it.

Because they complain about a *lot*. Harper has a candidate in downtown Toronto whose main priority seems to be proving media bias. Great news, electors of St. Paul! If you vote for Peter Kent, he'll prove the media are biased! Because that's an MP's job, isn't it! (Fun bonus: if you vote *against* Peter Kent, you're proving media bias all by yourself!)

Last week, Layton broke a six-month parliamentary deadlock by agreeing with Harper that this government is no longer worth supporting. Harper looked as if someone had shot his dog. It would be really swell if he could greet good news as good news, just once, before we decide whether or not to let him run the country.

One last thing. The fourth Liberal theme I identify above—the gullibility of New Democrat voters—has bugged me for a long time. I don't write much about it lately because (full disclosure) my girlfriend now works for the NDP. But what the heck: if you like the New Democrats but you vote for the Liberals to stop Harper, you profoundly deserve to wind up with a Conservative MP. You're just as likely to wind up with a Liberal who won't do a thing about your issues until he suckers you in the *next* election. One question we're about to answer is whether the opportunists are the only people in this country with the courage of their convictions. M

You'd better go pick up the kids from daycare, because Paul Martin will be there in 20 minutes with a camera crew

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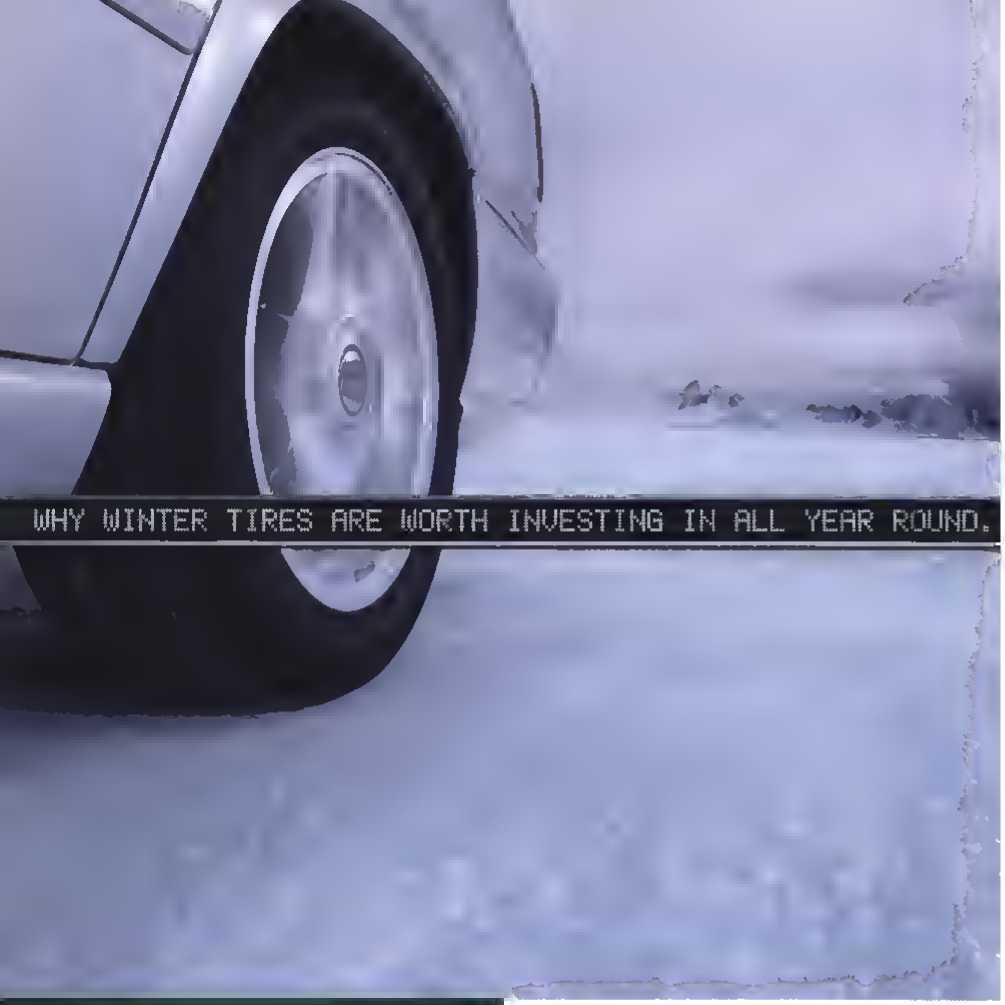
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Rioting. It's a French thing.



BARBARA AMIEL

They've been rioting in Paris for a couple of weeks, but looking at it in one way, the riots are rather small stuff. When the Chamber of Deputies was under siege in 1934, police fought off 40,000 demonstrators while the members of the chamber had their own punch-up inside. Attempts were made to drag the prime minister off the ministerial bench by his coat sleeves. As the turmoil increased, journalists showed their stripes by quickly putting up a sign on the press gallery door: "Notice to the Demonstrators: No Deputies in here!" Members of the Assembly tried to escape, some in disguise. Radical leader Edouard Herriot was caught and police only just saved him from being tossed into the Seine.

The current rioters are almost exclusively French Muslims of Arab and African descent from the poorer areas. There is general agreement that their mayhem has been provoked by unemployment and French indifference to assimilating them—though given the history of rioting among the French, one might argue that these nocturnal activities *are* assimilation.

Parisian women do clever things with scarves. Parisian mobs have a way with paving stones. The history of Paris is written in cobblestones which have been torn up so many times that the crafty city fathers have taken to putting asphalt over such incendiary spots as the streets around the Sorbonne.

A brief history: in 1648, Parisians took to the barricades against the tax collectors. Comparative calm set in until the storming of the Bastille in 1789. The Bourbons were dispatched by paving stones in 1830. The ruling Orleans were hurled out in 1848. France's 1871 defeat in the Franco-Prussian wars led to the mobs of the Paris Commune and the city's burning. And so it goes on to 1968.

The decimal points separating ideologies of the various left-wing factions escape me, but 1968 was a not that tore up paving stones in Paris like never before. The barricades became an art form. Poet Stephen Spender rhapsodized over them in *The New York Review of Books*, saying they evoked 1789 as well as the deconstructed automobile sculptures of Cesar.

Received wisdom is that the present Paris riots are not religiously motivated. That may be true but only superficially. It could be coincidence that the riots began in Clichy-sous-Bois, where a synagogue was firebombed in 2001 and torched in 2002. North African Jews in the same areas are not rioting, and that's a fact. Paris police claim the riots are organized rather than spontaneous, and certainly disaffected Muslim youths would be a natural vehicle for Islamists. Still, the bigger question is whether or not a large group of African and Arab Muslims can successfully assimilate into Western culture.

The question can be answered only after an honest and thorough attempt at integration, which has not been tried in France. North America is very different from Europe: we are an immigrant society enjoying good times economically. We haven't had bad times post-war, and don't know how we would react to them. Also, while our programs to help immigrant groups with employment and education are not perfect, they're better than those in Europe. Most importantly, the percentages of Arab and African Muslim immigrants are far smaller here.

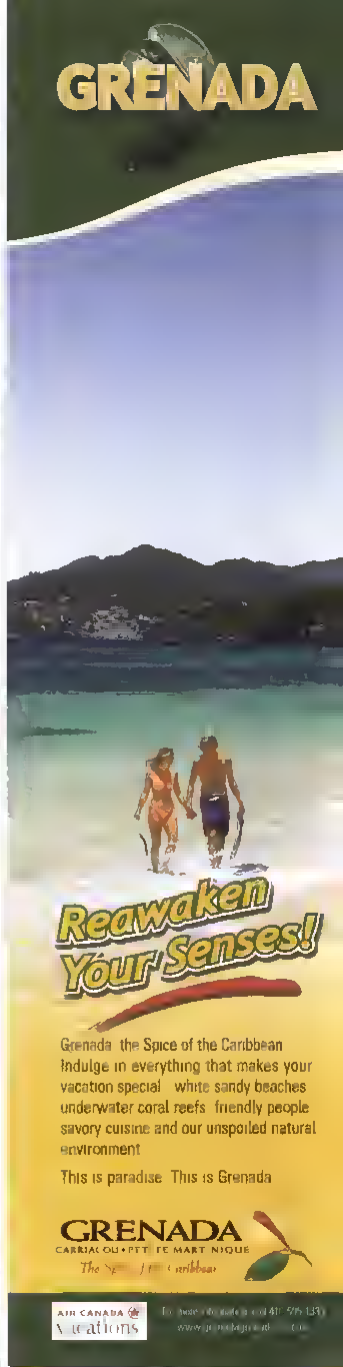
In France, unlike North America, Muslims make up an estimated 20 to 30 per cent of the younger population—a figure that could increase to a Muslim majority in the next generation. Just how so large a Muslim society would interact with the host society in North America has not been tested.

The crafty city fathers have taken to putting asphalt over such incendiary spots as the streets around the Sorbonne

But never mind Muslims. Most European countries shared by more than one tribe have existed in a semi-permanent state of conflict. Belgium, the old Yugoslavia, the former Czechoslovakia, the now separated Norway and Sweden, Spain, and Britain with its devolutionary wars. This has been so even though the warring tribes—Basques, Walloons and so on—want sovereignty over only one land. Islamists have a more ambitious agenda.

When France permitted, even encouraged, high North African immigration, it laid the groundwork for an explosion. When it added the fuel of non-integration and the sparks of a poor economy, the inevitable happened. Meanwhile, France's political rivals fight over whether to solve the situation from the high moral ground (a la poet and Prime Minister Dominique de Villepin, who invited some community leaders from the rioting areas in for a chat on the ninth day of the melee), or with the more forceful language of the streets (Interior Minister Nicholas Sarkozy, who immediately described the rioters as "scum").

The Elysee palace reacts as ever in France—too little, too late. Neither paving stones nor martial law and pleasantries can deliver a solution this time. M



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- **Dr. André Veillette**
 Montreal researcher led a team that identified a new anti-cancer, anti-infection response control mechanism.
- **Dr. James Till and Dr. Ernest McCulloch**
 Cancer researchers won the Lasker Award, North America's most covefed medical research prize, for proving the existence of stem cells
- **Dr. Heinz Feldmann and Dr. Steven Jones**
 Scientists from the Public Health Agency of Canada helped develop vaccines against the Ebola and Marburg viruses.

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MACLEAN'S

ROGERS
Your World Right Now

They're ready at the gate



PETER MANSBRIDGE

Make no doubt about it, the election campaign has already begun, whether the official start is this month, next month or next year. Just look at the players—they seem all set. Paul Martin is sporting his new South Beach frame, which means his handlers won't mind him prancing about without his jacket on, a prospect they once shuddered over (of course, how often he'll be able to strike the new slimmed-down pose in the middle of January is another thing). Stephen Harper is showcasing a fresh profile, too, but this one is in the way he handles scrums and statements—no angry man here anymore. The past two weeks have shown a new, calm Harper, the one he himself promised after the disasters of the spring, when some of his handlers felt he often looked as if he was ready to rip someone's throat out. The true test, though, will come the first time one of his candidates starts wandering away from the approved platform.

As for the pollsters, in the past two weeks they've delivered numbers as varied as one can imagine, with the Liberals plummeting one minute, soaring the next. Many of them didn't have a good 2004 campaign, and there are serious questions about the credibility of polling data these days. One high-profile pollster told me recently that when he started a few decades ago, Canadians responded to polling calls about 80 per cent of the time. Now it's down to less than 20 per cent. Think about that the next time you're looking at what's supposed to be an accurate snapshot of opinion.

As for issues, it's an election that, thanks to the sponsorship scandal, will at least initially be all about money, *your* money, and whom you trust to handle it. And the promises will be coming fast and furious. Quick out of the gate, expect the Liberals to argue that the economy under their watch is booming and, surprise, they're awash in surplus cash yet again. What to do with all those extra billions, which, let's not forget, were at least partly lifted out of your pocket through the taxes from those September $1.40-a-litre gasoline prices. One can assume there will almost certainly be the "fiscally responsible" debt pay down promise, followed by the beat-the-others-at-their-own-game move—more money and protection for public health care, in order to outflank the NDP, and from the Conservative handbook, why not some new tax cuts for the middle class? Offer up enough and maybe people will forget old what's-his-name, that judge with the glasses and the distinguished receding hairline who held that inquiry.

The Conservatives have already started trotting out their promises, and if last time was any indication they won't hesitate to spend, as their 2004 list ran up a tab of almost $60 billion. Wonder if they still plan to buy those two aircraft carriers they felt were so badly needed just last year? The NDP propped up the Liberals over the past 17 months; they affected the current bottom line by rewriting this past spring's federal budget, and aimed to do the same with health care before their cheque-writing privileges ran out. And then there's the Bloc Québécois, the one-issue party that will never form the government because they only run 75 candidates, in Quebec. The Bloc MPs have been around so long no one even blinks anymore at the irony of it. But try to explain this to anyone outside Canada—that Bloc MPs are in Parliament solely to break up the country, and they do it using taxpayers' money to pay for their salaries, travel and research staff. To boot, some of what they get is, like all MPs', tax-free.

Ah, taxes, especially income taxes, which are the main staple of Ottawa's revenue base. Makes you think back to why we started paying them in the first place. The year was 1917, the Great War was a bloody stalemate of trenches, bullets and bodies, and with the federal

Paul Martin is sporting his new South Beach frame, and the Tories are offering up a calmer Stephen Harper

treasury in a debt situation that was going out of control, the government of Conservative Robert Borden began a "temporary" program of direct federal taxation. But then one thing led to another, didn't it? The market crash, the Depression, the Second World War, the baby boom, pensions, medicare—the list of expenses, many of which made our country the envy of the world, kept growing, and that word "temporary" quietly disappeared. Then there's the GST, the much despised seven per cent toll on almost every thing you buy, put in place in 1991 by the Mulroney Conservatives. The Chrétien Liberals later campaigned as if they'd trash it the minute they got the keys to the safe. They didn't, of course, and it continues to be a major contributing factor to the run of surpluses we've seen through most of the past decade.

So the question remains: who, no matter their demeanour, to trust with your money? When they start trudging up your snow-covered sidewalk, eager to thrust their campaign pamphlets into your hands, meet them at the front door—with a calculator. M

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7 DAYS
A LOOK AT THE WEEK OF 11/7



DAVID BERGEN Giller competes with sex

A LEGENDARY STRONG MAN GETS BEATEN UP IN CALIFORNIA WHILE THE SON OF A STRONGMAN TRIUMPHS IN AZERBAIJAN

GOOD NEWS

Sex and literature

In a week when a new U S study found more sex than ever on television, CTV boldly broadcast the Giller literary award show to a national audience in prime time. Who knows if anyone watched Winnipeg high school English teacher David Bergen win the $40,000 prize for his novel *The Time in Between*, but we applaud the effort.

Sound the alarm

A consultant's report recommends that security on Parliament Hill be beefed up, with all visitors being screened. We knew it was time for tougher measures when a disgruntled Canadian managed to drive his vehicle through the gates and all the way up the front steps of the Centre Block

Muscled out

California voters slapped down Gov Arnold Schwarzenegger, voting against all four of his special ballot initiatives, including a proposed cap on state spending. Here's hoping this stinging rebuke for an actor-turned-politician keeps Warren Beatty, Janeane Garofalo, Sean Penn, and George Clooney (see page 60) down at the studio

A worthy protest

It's hard to find a silver lining in a terrorist bombing that killed at least 57 people, but the response of Jordanians to a triple suicide attack in Amman last week was as stunning as it was heartening. They took to the streets in anger against the al-Qaeda-affiliated group that claimed responsibility for the carnage.

Off death row

After being held more than three years in the U S military detention centre at Guantánamo Bay, Toronto-born Omar Khadr, 19, will be tried by a U S. military commission on charges of murder and aiding the enemy. Authorities said they will not seek the death penalty—clearly acknowledging there were mitigating circumstances. Khadr was just 15 when, during a July 2002 American assault on an al-Qaeda compound in the mountains of Afghanistan, he allegedly threw the hand grenade that killed a U.S. medic

BAD NEWS

Stop the presses

A tough week for the Fifth Estate. The recently imprisoned Judith Miller parted company with the *New York Times*. A journalist was arrested in Montana and charged with poisoning his wife by spiking her Gatorade with antifreeze. He apparently planned to spend the insurance money on a new house and a BMW convertible. And New York police are searching for a former journalist wanted in connection with a Halloween

Bring the heat

An unpublished report on global warming by a blue-ribbon advisory panel says Canada is unprepared for the effects of climate change, and accuses Prime Minister Paul Martin of dodging the issue. Where have we heard that before? Oh yes—from Johanne Gélinas, our commissioner of the environment and sustainable development. She told the Senate in October that Canada cannot prevent environmental degradation



PROTESTS IN AMMAN Suicide bombings sent Jordanians out into the streets to deplore al-Qaeda

AARRIN HARRIS/CP (TOP); MARCO DI LAURO/GETTY IMAGES

Denier denied

Holocaust denier Ernst Zundel, co-author of *The Hitler We Loved and Why*, finally went on trial in Mannheim, Germany, on charges of incitement, libel and disparaging the dead. But first, the judge decided he had to clean out his legal team, dismissing an adviser who is also a far-right activist, and barred from practising law because of a conviction earlier this year for inciting hatred. Zundel, 66, who spent 43 years in Canada, was deported in March after lengthy legal battles and a short stay in the U S.

We vote 'later'

Robert Milton said he may retire as head of Air Canada "sooner rather than later." He's been a favourite whipping boy of the financial press in recent years—not without reason—but he's also piloted the airline through considerable turbulence and recent results are encouraging. The last thing the company needs is more uncertainty.

sex attack. The man, dressed as a firefighter, forced himself into a woman's apartment and sexually assaulted her

"unless the leadership and performance of the federal government improve markedly."

Not another one

Like father, like son? Azerbaijani president Ilham Aliyev, son and heir of former Soviet-era strongman Heydar Aliyev, won big in parliamentary elections that were widely seen as fraudulent. And he left the West with a quandary: how to foster reform while still maintaining stability in a country that will soon begin shipping up to two million barrels of oil per day

7 DAYS

A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF THE GOVERNOR GENERAL

Michaëlle Jean bonded with Prince Edward Islanders over the difficulties of island life (daughter Marie-Eden brought along a French copy of *Anne of Green Gables*), unveiled a plaque at the Confederation Centre of the Arts; said that complaints over her joke about PQ leadership candidate André Boisclair are "some kind of strategy" to embarrass her, faced a sit-in demonstration at Rideau Hall, comforted Claire Leger (whose son, a soldier, was killed in Afghanistan in 2002) during a Remembrance Day ceremony and then hosted tea.

DISCOVERY

Kiss and make up

There is a biological case to be made for makeup. According to a study published in *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, women with full lips and large eyes appeal to men. Evidently, it's a signal that



BIG EYES: It's evolutionary

such women have more estrogen. The study suggests that makeup fools men into mating with the less fertile.

Shocking car wrecks

Cutting victims from hybrid car wrecks can be dangerous. 500-volt wires run through the car body, raising the risk of juicing the Jaws of Life. Hale Products, a manufacturer of rescue equipment, is introducing specially insulated cutters and spreaders.

Not hard to swallow

A recent issue of the *British Medical Journal* explains how to swallow swords: thrust the pharynx forward, relax the cricopharyngeus and inhale. Few deaths from sword-swallowing have ever been recorded, although one Canadian practitioner did die after he swallowed an umbrella.



The big breakup

The world's largest free-floating object, the B-15A iceberg, has gone to pieces. It broke off from another now-extinct iceberg that calved from Antarctica's Ross Ice Shelf five years ago, and initially covered 2,500 sq. km (about the size of Rhode Island). The berg broke up when it ran aground.

Cold and unreliable

Iceland is the only European nation in which store employees steal more than the customers do. The European Retail Theft Barometer has discovered that 41.3 per cent of retail theft stems from light-fingered staff, vs. an average of 29 per cent from customers.

Nuts to that solution

A fertility expert in Serbia has found a way to put sperm to sleep for up to 10 days by applying low-level electric shocks to men's testicles. Dr. Sava Bojovic says the contraceptive treatment does not kill the sperm and has no adverse health effect.

You're on Mom's mind

Scientists have known for years that fetal cells can enter a mother's body and survive there for decades. Now researchers say fetal cells in mice have been shown to lodge in mothers' brains and may develop into nervous-system cells.

WILD KINGDOM

Bite worse than bark

A South African woman, concerned about a beached sea lion that hadn't moved in several days, tried to help it back into the water. The Cape fur seal rewarded her efforts by biting her nose off. Elsie van Tonder's nose was found later, but couldn't be reattached.

Full-boar attack

Seoul is overrun with wild boars. The aggressive 130-kg pigs have been rooting around in luxury hotel gardens and garbage bins. Police are on the case, but one pig escaped after leading them on a 90-minute chase.

Bringing up Baby

After residents complained about the noise coming from Jesus Teixeira's Rio de Janeiro garage, police discovered "Baby," an adult lion the family had harboured for 15 years. "He is very calm and never attacked anyone," Teixeira said. "He grew up with my kids."

MORTALITY

Remember the wine

An antioxidant found in wine, peanuts and berries may offer protection against Alzheimer's disease. Resveratrol seems to attack a molecule instrumental in the formation of lesions on the brains of Alzheimer's patients.

Exciting cardiac news

Getting post-surgery patients' hearts stimulated can cut deaths significantly during recuperation, a British study says. "Goal Directed Therapy" monitors a patient for blood flow and the amount of oxygen reaching organs. If the level drops, a drug is introduced to make the heart beat faster, supplying oxygen.

Grey's okay

Health Canada has ordered hair-dye makers to take lead acetate out of "progressive" hair colouring products, such as Grecian Formula. It made the ban "based on data on skin absorption and possible links to carcinogenicity."

Self-evident thrills

In case there was any doubt, a leading cardiologist has concluded that "Individuals who have had heart attacks should not ride roller coasters." German physician Jurgen Kuschyk found that roller coaster thrills speed up heartbeats and cause arrhythmia.



WE NEVER KNEW: The steep drop is bad for the heart

Toxic build-up

A study by the activist organization Environment Defence found an average of 44 chemicals, including PCBs and insecticides, in 11 Canadians who participated in a survey revealed last week. One woman in Winnipeg had four times the acceptable level of DMTP, a derivative of insecticides such as malathion, which is sprayed there to control mosquitoes.

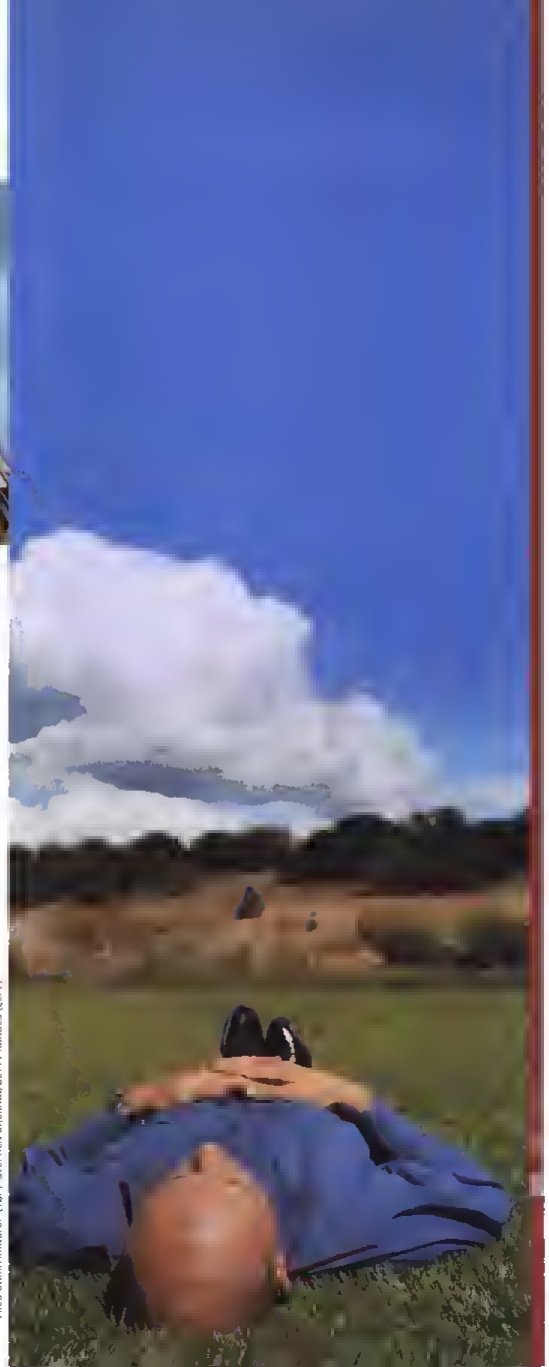
Relax over coffee

Although coffee is known to cause short-term jumps in blood pressure, new research says it doesn't seem to cause long-term hypertension. More surprising, however, was the discovery that hardcore female cola drinkers may develop high blood pressure, although just why is unclear.

How Strep A kills

Scientists have discovered how the horrific flesh-eating disease functions. Although usually not deadly, streptococcus A bacterium can destroy a key messenger of the immune system, enabling its rampage to go unchecked. The finding could lead to the creation of a vaccine against necrotizing fasciitis, as the disease is properly called.

FRED CHARTRAND/CP (TOP); STEPHEN CHERNIN/GETTY IMAGES (LEFT)



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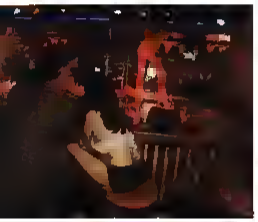
THIS WEEK: WHAT THE BIG MONEY BOYS ARE DOING

The federal Liberals are due to issue an "economic statement," in effect a pre-election budget with tax cuts for low- and middle-income families. Meanwhile, members of the consortium trying to build the Mackenzie Valley Pipeline are expected to greenlight their $7-billion project. And Sony will pull its copy-protection software from music CDs after the program turned PCs' operating systems into a virus writer's playground

MONEY

Tax investments

Dutch companies have found a lucrative way to invest money: paying excessive taxes in advance. The Dutch treasury pays five per cent on excess tax that is eventually refunded, a higher return than that offered by banks, prompting Dutch companies to intentionally overpay taxes. The Dutch finance minister has called for an end to the practice.



One long lap dance

American Express is suing St. Louis-based Savvis Communications Corp. and its chief executive, Robert McCormick, to recover US$241,000 run up on a corporate credit card at a New York strip club—on a single visit.

It's hardly Adscam

Winnipeg city councillor Donald Benham made a personal purchase on his city hall credit card, it was revealed last week. He spent 99 cents of taxpayer money downloading a Captain & Tennille song from iTunes. Mayor Sam Katz described Benham's action as "distasteful."

It pays to be a cop

The pay proposal announced last week by the Toronto Police Service adds up to some fine money. After just four years on the beat, a cop can earn a base of $69,348. Compare that with an Ontario emergency medicine resident in her fourth year of training: her base salary is $59,465.

Virtual money bags

A 23-year-old player in the online game Project Entropia spent $28,000 on virtual real estate, which he has since recouped through "rentals" and "taxes" from users of his cyberlands. The game enables players to buy and sell virtual things with real funds converted into a cyber currency.

POLL WATCH

Mystery ingredient

One in three children surveyed in Britain say they do not know what french fries are made from. Among the sources children suggested were flour, oil and apples.

Good rocking tonight

Canadians have sex on average 108 times a year, slightly ahead of a global average of 103, according to an international survey. And they're pretty happy about it, too. Only eight per cent are dissatisfied with their sex lives. Women claim to be more satisfied than men.

Reno TV guts wallets

Canadians who watch home-renovation programs are apt to spend more money on their own home fix-ups. Twenty-nine per cent of homeowners are spurred to renovate by watching the shows and 27 per cent overspend.

Great wall of Tijuana

Sixty per cent of Americans, concerned about immigration across the Rio Grande, want a 3,200-km long wall between the U.S. and Mexico. The cost—US$1.4 billion.

Flu denial

Almost no Canadian companies are taking steps to address a possible influenza pandemic, such as laying in a supply of influenza drugs for key employees. But almost two-thirds believe that governments are not adequately addressing the issue.

IN PASSING

Beland Honderich, 86, newspaper publisher who revamped the *Toronto Star* from a sensation-loving paper into a liberal beacon for that city's middle class. He diversified Torstar Corp. with investments in romance novels.

John Fowles, 79, British novelist remembered mainly for *The Magus* and *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, which was hailed for technical innovations such as its multiple endings.

Lord Lichfield, 66, celebrity photographer and cousin of the Queen. He snapped official photos of the monarch as well as film stars and politicians such as Margaret Thatcher.

IN OTHER NEWS

Getting above it all

Roxana Pons, of Argentina, thought it was "a fantastic idea" when she read a book that outlined how to build a human-sized nest. For a year she's lived in the one she made, explaining: "I'm not homeless, I have a house to live in. I just chose to live in a tree."

Pikachu could cater

Getting married doesn't mean severing childhood joys. Japan's Hankyu-Daiichi Hotel Group offers Hello Kitty-themed weddings, with cartoon characters Hello Kitty and Dear Daniel escorting brides and grooms down the aisle.



HELLO KITTY. Goodbye wedding dignity at the Hankyu-Daiichi Hotel

LARRY MACDOUGAL/CP (TOP); PHOTO BY STEPHEN FERRY/LIAISON/GETTY IMAGES; TORU YAMANAKA/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

Queen of the stars

Bulgarian astronomers have changed the name of a newly discovered asteroid in the Taurus constellation from "2005 UT12" to "Azis," in honour of a Bulgarian transvestite gypsy folk singer.

Gems in her drawers

An Italian grandmother stole $145,000 worth of jewellery from several shops by hiding the valuables in her underwear. The 59-year-old resident of Genoa said when she was caught: "I got bored with expensive holidays and little treats. It just wasn't enough for me anymore."

Hairstylist needed

Tyler Ing, of London, Ont., has won a place in the *Guinness World Records* for having the world's longest nipple hair: 8.89 cm. Ing says his parents "looked at me kind of weird," but now "my mum shows the book off to her friends."

Cut across the border

Two Chinese men were arrested while trying to sneak across the border into Russia on a lawnmower. They told border guards in Russia's Far East that they'd gotten lost while cutting grass.

For the love of Bambi

Lewis (Scooter) Libby, the Washington aide now indicted in the CIA agent scandal, will see his 1996 novel, *The Apprentice*, republished. Sales of the first edition are selling for thousands of dollars. One highlight is a character who has sex with a dead deer. M

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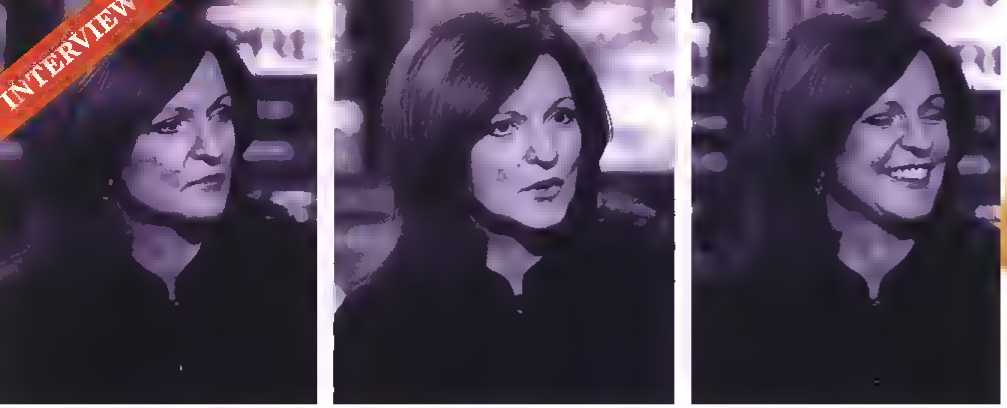
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'My mom said a week before she died, "Can't you find someone to settle down with?" I think she really wanted to have someone take care of me.'

MAUREEN DOWD TALKS TO LINDA FRUM

Maureen Dowd, the Pulitzer Prize-winning *New York Times* columnist, is the author of a new book with the provocative title *Are Men Necessary?* For two decades, Dowd has been a ruthless critic of U.S. presidents and other power-wielding alpha males. Her glamorous ex boyfriends include the actor Michael Douglas, *West Wing* creator Aaron Sorkin, and *New York Times* colleagues John Tierney and Howell Raines. For Dowd, men would appear to be very necessary indeed. And yet, at age 53, Dowd, a commanding wit and beauty, remains unmarried, childless—and baffled.

Q *The first sentence in your book is, "I don't understand men." What don't you understand?*

A I think I tend to overcomplicate them. I think the women who treat men as more simple creatures are more successful with them than I am. There's this great *Seinfeld* episode where George Costanza thinks that the ideal situation for a man would be if he could eat a pastrami with mustard at the same time as he is making love to a woman, at the same time as he is watching a sports game on a hand-held TV. I know it's a caricature. But I don't know—I think I'm always reaching for a more complicated view of them.

The basic assertion of this book seems to be that the women's movement has not made many gains over the past 30 years...

Actually no. Women are in better shape in many ways. Economically the feminist movement did a lot of good. But in terms of culture, they made the mistake of thinking that women could succeed by aping men. So women were aping men in the way they dressed, with those blue suits and floppy bow ties, and in the way they worked, and in orgasms. And I think that was a mistake, as was demonizing Barbie, *Cosmo* and *Playboy*. Gloria Steinem said a woman reading *Playboy* feels like a Jew reading a Nazi manual. It was cutting out too much of the sexuality and frivolity. So now I think women are reshaping the world according to their desires and needs in a womanly way. So it's like starting all over again, in a way.

But we're much further along than that, aren't we? Women have choices. They make necessary trade-offs to do with work, children and husbands, and live with the consequences. Isn't that as good as we're ever going to get on this subject?

'Sometimes men want to be with people who are in awe of them rather than people who spar with them in the Hepburn-Tracy manner'

A Yeah, I think you're right. The more choices we have, the better. But there was a story on the front page of the *New York Times* recently about young Ivy League women who did not want to go into the workplace. They just want to find a husband, and stay home and have kids. And some professors were quoted in that story as saying young women now are "more realistic." And maybe they *are* more realistic...or more retro. Or both. Kate White, the editor of *Cosmo*, says that her young readers feel that the way the baby boomer women led their lives was just too much of a grind. In fact, I know a lot of baby boomer women who feel that their lives *are* a grind. They'd like to go off and play bridge and eat bonbons.

Does that trouble you?

Oh no. I'm not judging any of these choices. I'm just saying, isn't it weird that a lot of these things turned out the opposite of what the women's movement expected. A lot of Ivy League women want to be called "Mrs." now and not keep their own names. And a lot of women want to look like *Playboy* bunnies. I mean it's just strange. I'm not saying women who stay home are wrong. Or women are in worse shape now because that's just simply not how I feel.

You write that a "Mrs." next to a woman's name has become "the latest fashion accessory." What is that about?

GETTY IMAGES

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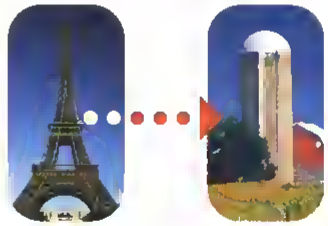
Rumour has it, Marie Antoinette made potatoes a fashion statement when she paraded through the French countryside wearing potato blossoms in her hair. They soon became all the rage in Paris.



1967

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It is a sign that younger women do not want to go along with the ideas of what I call "Jurassic Feminists." At the 1968 Miss America contest in Atlantic City, some feminists went in and symbolically threw high heels and girdles into a garbage can. Now, the front page of the *New York Times* recently had a story about women getting their toes surgically shortened for stilettos. Liposuction instead of girdles is the rage.

Is this caused by a sexist society or are women doing it because they want to?

Narcissism has trumped feminism. Pat Wexler [the New York dermatologist] has an interesting quote in the book where she says that women are not trying to get all these puffed up, male-fantasy proportions for men, but for themselves. They all played with Barbies when they were little, and that's what they want.

In many ways this book is about the mystery of your own marital status and whether or not you feel you remained unmarried as a trade-off for your career...

I have got to correct that. My career helped me meet more and more interesting men. Not the reverse. And I always put my personal life ahead of my professional life—I hope my boss doesn't read *Maclean's*—so when I write about women in the book who are so focused on their careers that they look up one day and don't have a personal life, I am not writing about myself. That's just reporting.

I'm sure to many observers your life looks pretty fabulous.

Some elements of it are. It's just that I haven't been lucky enough to meet "the one" yet. But it's not about anything I've sacrificed.

Q *By all reports, men are crazy for you. One of your critics theorizes that the reason you never married was because you didn't want to sacrifice the sexual allure that comes with being a single woman, and which has helped your career. It would take away your edge, your ability to be flirtatious with your subjects, such as George Bush, the elder.*

But married women can flirt! And I never really flirted with him anyway. He flirted with me. I would love to be married. I think it would be really, really fun. It would be fun to try to make it fun—that would be very challenging. But I think I could still flirt if I were married.

Many female critics have taken offence at your assertion that successful, intelligent women are less likely to find mates. As the blogger "Wonkette" put it: "Thank God we aren't as smart as Maureen Dowd is or else we'd never have found a husband." Is it harder for talented women to find husbands?

I think it is a little harder.

But, to name a few examples—Marie-Josee Kravis, Barbara Amiel, Heather Reisman, Catherine Zeta-Jones—they obviously found men who were attracted to them because of their power and success.

A Of course it's possible. I'm only making a much smaller point, which is that it's a little trickier for women who came of age in the late '60s and early '70s because many of the things that they thought would fascinate men, men find draining. And sometimes men want to be with people who are in awe of them rather than people who spar with them in the Hepburn-Tracy manner. It doesn't mean you can't find men to do that with. It just means it's a little harder. There's a place in the book where I give the statistics on single women and married men in the top tier of the Bush administration. Women were five times more likely to be single than their male counterparts.

Could that be because, as secretary of state, Condoleezza Rice can't be fixing the world's problems and also raising toddlers?

That's right. That's why Harriet Miers and Condoleezza Rice did so well with Bush. Because they are his nannies. And since they are his nanny, they didn't have time to be anyone else's.

What about Hillary Clinton? There's the hilarious quote in your book from [literary editor of The New Republic] Leon Wieseltier where he says: "She's like some hellish housewife who has seen something she really, really wants and won't stop nagging you about it until finally you say, fine, take it, be the god damn president, just leave me alone." You credit Hillary with doing a lot of "collateral damage" to feminism.

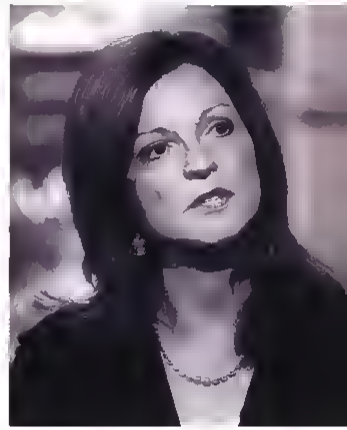
Hillary is in favour of helping women unless they get in the way of the Clintons. Because Hillary thinks that if you get in the way of the Clintons, you get in the way of the republic as she sees it. Hillary was involved with some of the vivisections of Bill's girlfriends. They would never just say "Yeah, he cheated." He would hide behind the skirts of Hillary and Madeleine Albright when he got into trouble. And they would defend him. And when Hillary said he wasn't lying about Monica, and the White House tried to paint Monica as a fantasist, and a troubled young woman, and a stalker, I just don't think that was a good moment for women's rights as far as Hillary was concerned. It's interesting because she's still a feminist icon. And yet she was willing to smear women when they got in the way of the Clintons' success.

Your mother [who died in 2005 at the age of 97] has been described as the "love of your life to date." From your descriptions she was very clever and funny, but she also lived a conventional female life as a wife and mother. Do you ever look at your life and your mother's life and compare the choices you both made?

It's funny, because our lives are opposite in many ways but our sensibilities were very similar. She was a news junkie. She raised her five kids in high heels. She was really fun and sauey—and just curious about everything in the world.

So she was a model to you, but not a complete model?

She was a model to me in the way of having a family, too. I just haven't been lucky enough to meet the equivalent of what my dad was for her.



GETTY IMAGES

'Condoleezza Rice and Harriet Miers are George Bush's nannies. And because they are, they don't have time to be anyone else's'

You've had a brilliant career but your mother's life was probably a lot less angst-ridden.

She had a fantastic life. She died on the July 4 weekend and she died with her three sons taking turns holding her hand and my sister and I just sobbing insanely because we were going to miss her so much. I don't think you can do any better than that in life. She didn't miss anything. I have a remarkable life, too, but obviously I'd like the personal side of it. My mom said a week before she died, "Can't you find someone to settle down with?" I was the baby of the family and I'm a little bit ditzy. I think she really wanted to have someone take care of me. I would like someone to take care of, too. But everybody doesn't get everything they want. M

YOU ARE EXPOSED

When even the privacy commissioner's cellphone records are available online, we've all got security problems. A SPECIAL REPORT BY JONATHON GATEHOUSE.

'OH, MY GOD. N'T REALIZE THIS WAS POSSIBLE. THIS IS REALLY ALARMING.'

JENNIFER STODDART IS A DEDICATED public servant who has spent years—first working for the province of Quebec, and since 2003 as the federal privacy commissioner—trying to protect Canadians' personal information from prying governments and greedy businesses. A lawyer by trade, she has impeccable qualifications for the job, with a strong background in constitutional law and human rights.

But there's a point to be made about the type of highly confidential data that can be obtained by anyone with an Internet connection and a credit card, and Stoddart has the misfortune of being the perfect illustration. Not that she's pleased about it. Her eyes widen as she recognizes what has just been dropped on the conference table in her downtown Ottawa office—detailed lists of the phone calls made from her Montreal home, Eastern Townships' chalet, and to and from her government-issued BlackBerry cellphone. Her mouth hangs open, and she appears near tears. "Oh my God," she says finally. "I didn't realize this was possible. This is really alarming."

When police are investigating a crime and want phone records, they must seek a court order. Recent commissions of inquiry, like Justice John Gomery's probe of Adscam or the investigation into the computer leasing fiasco at Toronto city hall, had to issue subpoenas to compel telecom companies to share such data. Government efforts to expand their phone monitoring powers as part of the war on terror are being fought tooth and nail by privacy and civil liberties organizations. Most Canadians consider their call records privileged information, and the courts have backed them up time and time again.

Yet *Maclean's* was able to purchase the privacy commissioner's phone logs online from a U.S. data broker, no questions asked. For about US$200 per order, *Locatecell.com* delivered months of long-distance records from her Bell Canada home and cottage accounts. They were also able to access her Telus Mobility cellphone call logs for October—a monthly bill she probably hadn't even received at the time. And all the Internet requests were turned around in a matter of hours. (In a test run, the company was also able to obtain the cell records of a senior *Maclean's* editor from Fido, a division of Rogers, the company that owns this magazine.) Reverse phone number lookup engines on federal government and phone company websites provided the identities of many of the people Stoddart called, or who called her. On Sept. 15, for example, there was a call from her Montreal home to a relative in Frelighsburgh, Que. On Oct. 15, she called the house of one of her communications advisers from her cellphone. And on Oct. 27, she twice called the desk of another. While many of the numbers on the bills were cellphones or unlisted, anyone looking to fill in the blanks would only have to call until they hit voicemail recordings.

CONFIDENTIAL PHONE RECORDS are just the latest breach in the levee of government laws and corporate policies intended to protect private and personal data. Abuses—whether it is medical records being scattered about a Toronto street as "garbage" for a film shoot, or Edmonton police running the names of pesky reporters and lawyers—are reported almost every week. And in the wired world, almost anything is available for a price. A British teen recently tracked down his sperm-donor father using his own DNA and two different for-hire databases.

Many of the same websites that offer call records advertise even more invasive services like "personality profiles," complete with sexual preferences, names of exes, and gossip from neighbours. Or email and instant messenger traces that will provide the name of the person who owns the account, and their location, sometimes down to the street they live on. While some of the sites demand a signed release from the person being sought for items like credit reports and driver's records, the "verification" process wouldn't be much of an impediment for anyone willing to commit some garden variety forgery.

Stoddart, whose office website offers tips to foil those trying to access or steal personal information—including the prompt removal of incoming mail from your mailbox and shredding those pre-approved credit card applications—was not a particularly easy catch. Despite her years in the public eye, and the numerous interviews she has given to journalists, there was little on the record beyond her professional qualifications. No one *Maclean's* contacted had her cellphone number, knew her home address, or even basic family information like the name of her spouse. "I've always been fairly mistrustful of people," she says. "If people want my personal data, I want to know why." Nonetheless, a thorough Internet search with Google yielded enough bits and pieces of information to start the process rolling.

Although Locatecell and other data brokers that *Maclean's* contacted claim to be able to find someone's cell number with simply a name and address, they failed in the privacy commissioner's case. (Locatecell did, however, provide the cellphones of four other Jennifer Stoddarts across the country.) But they were able to quickly provide long distance records from her home, when furnished with the name, address and Stoddart's date of birth—obtained from publicly available property deed and mortgage papers in Montreal. Those phone records showed numerous calls to the townships chalet, listed under her husband's name. By obtaining call records for that number and cross-referencing, *Maclean's* was able to identify Stoddart's Ottawa cellphone. Armed with the actual number, Locatecell obtained her Telus Mobility

POLICE NEED A COURT ORDER. YOU DON'T.

EVEN THE MOST CAUTIOUS PEOPLE ARE VULNERABLE



PRIVACY CZAR 'I've always been fairly mistrustful of people. This calls for drastic action.'

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN HAYWARD

NO ONE IS SURE HOW THE DATA BROKERS ARE GETTING THEIR INFORMATION

records in a matter of hours

As that proves, even the most cautious people are vulnerable if someone cares to expend the effort and money What might be even scarier, as information flows faster and faster, is that no one—governments, industry, federal and provincial privacy commissioners—really seems to know how to hold back the tide

press" investigation into the security breach is underway, says Langton, and new countermeasures will soon be put in place, though he declined to specify what The company also refused comment on whether it plans to add extra security measures for its sensitive government clients Rogers Wireless spokesmen say they learned of the problem from a U.S. newspaper article this past summer, but also decline to reveal what specific steps, if any, the company is taking to deal with the issue "Criminal elements will continually refine their methodology to get around systems," says Dawn Hunt, Rogers' vice president of government and inter-carrier relations "We're trying to keep ahead of them." A Bell Canada executive says the company was unaware that such a security threat existed until *Maclean's* brought it to its attention, but now intends to quickly tighten its procedures "As we get more details, we'll be all over this," says David Elder, Bell's vice-president of regulatory law "We will be investigating this and we will not hesitate to prosecute, where applicable."

TELUS PROMISED A 'FULL-COURT PRESS' INVESTION INTO THE SECURITY BREACH

A complicating factor is that no one seems to be sure exactly how the data brokers are getting their information One theory is that they have an inside connection Another is that they are hacking online customer accounts The most likely explanation is that they simply call up and ask for it Phone companies, it seems, are rather easily duped If a caller posing as a customer furnishes them with the right name, number and address—sometimes they will also ask for a postal code or date of birth—they will take that person at their word (The misrepresentation and trickery apparently works with some cellphone owners as well Stoddart reports that someone, presumably an agent for one of the data brokers, recently called her Montreal home claiming to be a phone company representative, and demanded her cellphone number Her son refused to provide it, despite threats that his mother's service would be cut off.) Locatecell did not respond to *Maclean's* requests for an interview.

Just what Canadian authorities can do about the problem is unclear The data-brokers are ensconced south of the border, outside of their legal jurisdiction And they are often hard to pin down—Locatecell, which is owned by a Tennessee company, Data Fund Solutions Inc., operates out of Florida, with a North Carolina phone number As Stoddart lamented in her own annual report to Parliament earlier this fall, "privacy threats seem to be multiplying like a bad virus, threatening to overwhelm us." The increasing trans-border flow of information from government and business is one of the biggest challenges, she added, because it takes data out from under the umbrella of Canadian law into "a legal vacuum." And while the phone companies' disclosure of these records violates the privacy law that covers corporations—the Personal Information Protection and Electronic Documents Act (PIPEDA) says that such information cannot be disclosed without the express consent of the consumer, or a court order—that is not a guarantee that any substantive action will be taken against them. Unlike many of her provincial counterparts, the federal privacy commissioner functions like an ombudsman, seeking to settle disputes rather than punish offenders Her rulings are not legally binding (although she can seek to have them made so in Federal Court), and in most cases don't even identify the transgressors by name

Michael Geist, a University of Ottawa law professor who specializes in privacy issues, says Canadian corporations have been treated with kid gloves since PIPEDA came into force in 2000 "There's a great reluctance to name names, or launch audits or take anything to the Federal Court," he says. Part of the problem is the government's reluctance to strengthen the laws or see the boat rocked, he says. Another factor is the privacy commissioner's relatively meager $11-million-a-year budget—a legacy of the expense account scandal that enveloped Stoddart's predecessor, George Radwanski "People in that office are very committed to the job, but it's clear they feel they are swimming against the tide," says Geist.

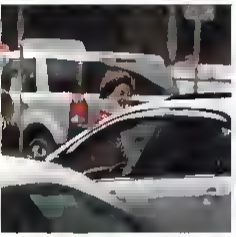
The Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission, which regulates telecom companies, has a little more power to punish privacy breaches—its rulings have the force of law But the maximum fine for a corporation's first offence is $50,000—not much of a deterrent when you consider the multi-million-dollar penalties handed down by its American counterpart, the Federal Communications Commission (Bell recently filed a brief with an Industry Canada telecom review panel arguing that the CRTC should get out of that aspect of the business altogether and leave such matters to the privacy commissioner.) On very rare occasions, Canadian police will get involved in a privacy issue, but only if the breach results in a serious crime—like the 2002 case of the Quebec government employee accused of helping the Bandidos motorcycle gang plan hits by providing them with the driver's licences of rival Hells Angels.

Rooting out the problem in the United States, which doesn't have national privacy laws like Canada, might be even more difficult since it's not clear that the practice of scooping other people's phone records is actually illegal Wireless and land-line phone companies fall under different regulatory regimes. And a couple of decades of mergers, acquisitions and rapid cellphone growth has created a landscape where no one is sure exactly who is in charge "It's a mess, a complete hodge podge," says Chris Hoofnagle, West Coast director of the Electronic Privacy Information Center (EPIC), a public interest watchdog EPIC recently filed complaints with the FCC and the Federal Trade Commission, seeking to force the telecom industry to tighten up its internal policies and prevent data brokers from obtaining customer bills The response from the phone companies has been "openly hostile," says Hoofnagle "They say it's not really a problem, and it can be dealt with in other ways."

To date, only one carrier, Verizon Wireless, has gone after the data brokers, filing a civil suit against a different Tennessee company, Source Resources, alleging fraud and civil conspiracy The suit was settled in September with the online service agreeing to stop the practice and provide details about its methods On the legislative side, Senator Chuck Schumer, a Democrat from New York, vowed to introduce a bill to criminalize the cellphone data black market, and create a special unit in the FTC to tackle the problem, but his efforts haven't progressed very far either. EPIC is trying to step up the pressure, and will soon launch a series of professional complaints against the data brokers' main clients—lawyers. "We think in most cases that it's being used for infidelity investigations, in anticipation of divorce litigation," says Hoofnagle.

Regardless of what does or doesn't happen south of the border, Canada's privacy commissioner doesn't seem to be in the mood to let the matter drop Last winter, she raised the issue of transborder data brokers with the FCC, and now she says she intends to do so again And with her own purloined phone records in hand, Stoddart will be going after the phone companies "This data originated in Canada," she notes It's not just a matter of privacy, in the case of her cell records, it's also government security that has been compromised "It's a stunning example," she says "I think this calls for drastic action" M

jonathon.gatehouse@macleans.rogers.com

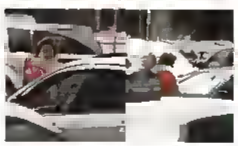













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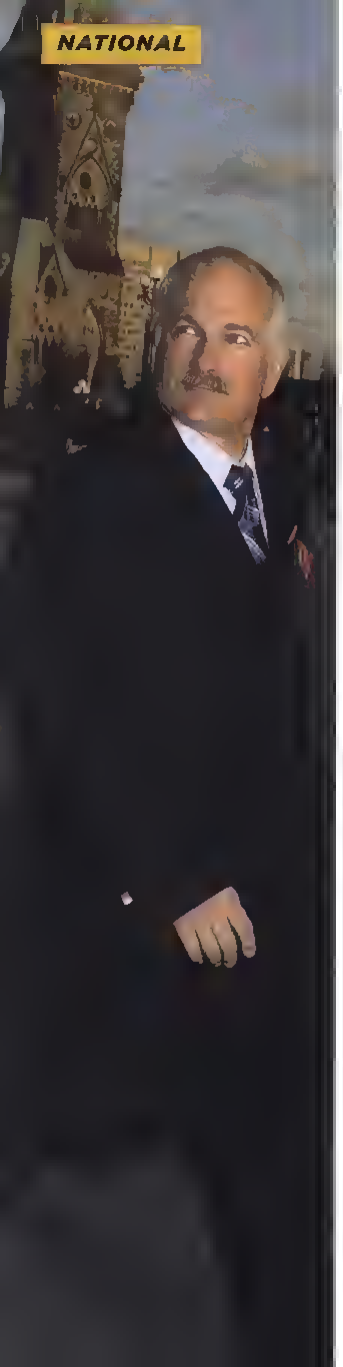
ROGERS

Correction Notice:

Incorrect information appeared in the October 17 issue of *Maclean's* within the text of the Nissan Pathfinder advertisement on page 28

In the section entitled "Alberta Badlands Breakaway", the text should read Drumheller is just 140 km northeast of Calgary

We apologize for any inconvenience this may have caused



OUT FOR BLOOD

In the last campaign, the parties learned that getting down and dirty works. Expect more of the same as they gear up for the next election.

BY JOHN GEDDES Fighting the last war is supposed to be bad military strategy. But what if the last war was only last year, and the combatants and the battlefields are all but unchanged? That's the situation federal political parties find themselves in during the current flurry of pre-election positioning and posturing. With spring 2004's campaign so fresh in their memories, their tacticians can hardly be faulted for looking back at it as they brace for the rematch that opposition leaders are scheming to trigger in early January, and the Prime Minister is hoping to put off until late February. In fact, the hard lessons of the election in which Paul Martin eked out his present minority are inevitably dominating all their strategies for next time out. And the biggest one that the Liberals and Conservatives learned, according to key advisers to both parties' leaders, is that playing rough works—especially when it comes to election advertising.

Top strategists leave little doubt about the main thing they took to heart concerning voter behaviour last time around, and it doesn't have much to do with democracy's uplifting side. "Voters just didn't respond to positive messages, but they had a hunger for negative ads," said one senior Liberal, who asked not to be named. An influential Tory election planner agreed, and said the key strategic question for Stephen Harper's campaign team is how tough they can risk making their own ads in the face of the expected Liberal onslaught. Some Conservatives want to counterpunch as hard as possible, but others are warning they must be careful not to come across as angry right-wingers. "We've put a lot of effort into the way Stephen talks and acts to minimize this angry-guy thing that gets laid on him, and on the whole party," said the Tory insider.

No wonder Jack Layton, while claiming to be in the driver's seat last week, looked like he was worried about being run off the road. He has to be concerned that any NDP campaign pitch might be lost in the din of a clash between the big parties as they amplify the harshest notes of the last campaign. Still, Layton took centre stage, at least briefly, with his proposal for an unorthodox ousting of the Martin minority: the three opposition parties would vote on Nov. 24, not to defeat the Liberal government immediately, but to let it linger until after Christmas, setting an early January start for the campaign. Not surprisingly, Martin declined to meekly allow his government to become a mouse to be worried by three cats until they are ready to dispatch it at a time of their choosing.

Tories have worked on the way Harper 'talks and acts, to minimize this angry-guy thing'

Liberals said Layton's unusual plan was outside parliamentary rules, and Martin all but dared the NDP, Tories and Bloc to gang up and vote him out with a conventional non-confidence motion. "If the opposition doesn't want us to govern, then they have mechanisms they can use," he said. "And I think they should stop the games they are playing." Clearly, Martin is hoping they blink at the prospect of annoying voters by forcing holiday campaigning. That might allow him to call the election himself, as he has promised to do, no more than a month after Justice John Gomery's second report on the sponsorship scandal, which is due on Feb. 1. Gomery will be making a raft of proposals for government reforms aimed at preventing future scandals—reforms Martin will almost certainly embrace, giving his Liberals the chance to claim that the abuses of the affair have been permanently washed out of Ottawa's system.

Predicting with any certainty how the parliamentary manoeuvring over timing will play out is impossible. But while the parties feud publicly about just about everything, in not-for-attribution interviews their campaign thinkers were largely in agreement in their broad predictions about the way the campaign will run. Liberals emphasized their success in targeting ads in key markets, especially ridings around Toronto in the campaign's final days, and in tailoring the content of those surgical strikes to move specific groups of swing voters. "The central factor in shifting voting attitudes was that we put ourselves in a position from a resources standpoint and an operations standpoint where we could rapidly adjust our buy and our content," said one Liberal tactician. "We were in a game of inches. So we would take our inches and then take another set of inches."

A key example of this approach was the airing of a TV ad that linked Harper with former prime minister Brian Mulroney and former Ontario premier Mike Harris. Some outside observers speculated that the aim was to lure back Liberal voters who had switched to the New Democrats. But one senior Liberal said the real target audience was Ontario men between 35 and 50 who were planning to vote Tory, but who harboured lingering misgivings about how Mulroney had left the country with huge deficits, and how Harris's tax cuts were blamed for putting the province in a tough fiscal position. "So you conjure up the image of Mulroney, a residual image, with the more resonant image of Mike Harris," the Liberal said. That ad, which was aired in certain parts of Ontario for four or five days in the crucial dying days of last year's campaign, was regarded as enormously successful by the Liberal brain trust.

Conservatives and New Democrats don't dispute that. As a result, both expect to see more negative Liberal ads designed to push the buttons of particular voters at key moments, in regions that matter. Tories admit

'Voters didn't respond to positive messages, but they had a hunger for negative ads'

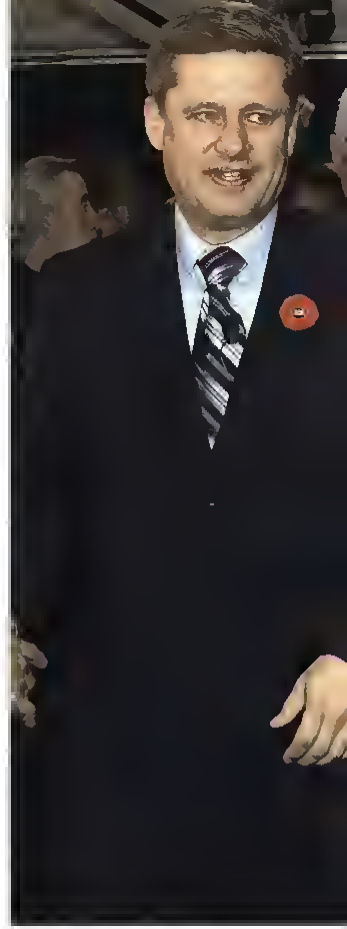
that last year, with the election coming soon after Harper won the leadership of their newly united party, they just weren't ready to strike back with similar precision. "We didn't have the kind of experience that we needed on the ad side," said one Conservative aide who is close to Harper. This time, though, the party is far better prepared, he said, partly because it went through a virtual dry run for the campaign last spring when Harper tried to fell the Liberal minority, in the wake of Gomery commission testimony that sent the Liberals temporarily plummeting in the polls.

The Tories vow to be more sophisticated in the coming campaign about where and when they run key ads. But they concede that the Liberals can afford to be more aggressive, because voters and the media may give Liberals more leeway for edgy imagery. The most memorable Liberal ad last year included a series of frightening images, among them a desert battlefield scene, illustrating their charge that Harper would have put Canadian soldiers in Iraq, and a handgun aimed at the viewer, to drive home their claim that Tories are soft on gun control. "If the Conservative party ran an ad with a handgun shooting you in your living room," said one Tory insider, "we'd be reduced to two seats." Last time out, the party tried to lighten its attacks on Liberals with humour, in ads such as the one on government waste featuring a dump truck full of cash. In the coming campaign, however, Conservatives say some of their ads on the theme of corruption will be less amusing, and more direct. One key difference between the two parties: Liberals don't hesitate to vilify Harper, while Conservatives say their ads will tend to attack the Liberal brand rather than Martin himself.

With the Liberals embracing attack ads and the Tories shifting in that direction, where does that leave the other parties? The Bloc is sanguine, believing the Gomery fallout makes its dominance of Quebec all but undisputed. Privately, Liberals don't really dispute that, mapping out a defensive campaign in the province. As for the NDP, its strategists concede that history suggests the party could be in grave danger. Last year, they lost seats in Ontario in the dying days of the campaign as apparently committed NDP supporters fearful of a Conservative victory swung to the Liberals. Previously, election watchers hotly debated whether a significant outbreak of that sort of so-called strategic voting was possible. Now, generating one is a key preoccupation of Liberal insiders. "The idea was that strategic voting



LEFT TO R GHT PHOTO BY PETER BREGG/MACLEAN'S, FRED CHAPPELL/CP, PAUL CHIASSON/CP



doesn't exist, but the thing is, it happened," said one.

New Democrats are looking way past last year's disappointment for cautionary tales. They recall all too vividly how voters effectively punished them for propping up Liberal minorities in the early sixties and seventies. After using their House leverage to influence policy, New Democrats watched the Liberals bounce back at their expense. Could Layton's success last spring in reshaping the Liberal budget similarly fail to boost his party's ballot box clout? Jamie Heath, Layton's communications director, admits that is a real possibility. And an even more sustained negative Liberal campaign, designed to stoke voter fears about the Conservatives, seems to heighten the prospect of the NDP losing visibility in a highly polarized race. "It's consistent with the Liberal Party of Canada's approach over many years," Heath said.

Nobody is hoping the NDP avoids that fate more than the Conservatives. Perhaps the most intriguing part of Tory strategy is what the

A highly polarized Liberal-Tory race heightens the prospect of the NDP losing all visibility

party's strategists hope Harper will *not* have to do—if Layton plays the role they hope he will. "A dream campaign for us is if the NDP can stay consistent—and, Lord, please help them—in attacking the Liberals every day on health care," said one senior Conservative. "We'll take care of attacking them on Gomery." The idea is that Layton has credibility when it comes to defending public health, which Harper lacks—especially with Alberta's Tory government making untimely noises about health reforms that would shift toward more private care.

Sustained NDP salvos on health and Tory assaults on ethics might create an opposition pincer movement against the Liberals. Martin will counter with a classic bid to vilify the Conservatives, creating a climate of fear to drain off NDP support in the key theatres like suburban Ontario and urban British Columbia. For Liberals, the task is to create a campaign from the outset that echoes their last-ditch, hard-hitting rally last year. For the Tories and NDP, the challenge is to prevent the Liberals from playing them off against each other. One thing all parties share is a grim, no-nonsense view of the task at hand. Whenever it comes, get ready for a contest that's more about invective than inspiration—with the Liberals as tough as they can be, the Tories as tough as they dare be, and the NDP just trying to tough it out. M



CASH PROBLEMS? Martin, seen here at a fundraiser, is feeling the C-24 pinch

The money game

The Conservatives have an early lead over the Liberals in campaign fundraising

BY PAUL BUNNER If money is the mother's milk of politics, the Liberal Party of Canada needs a wet nurse. Elections Canada returns for the third quarter revealed the Conservatives are out-fundraising the Liberals by a three-to-one margin—extracting $3.2 million from 32,714 donors between July and September, compared to $1.1 million from 6,943 donors for the Liberals. So far this year, the Tories have raised $10.8 million, versus $4.2 million for the Grits. (The numbers for the NDP and Bloc are $2.4 million and $296,891, respectively.)

It's an advantage that could prove critical during the unofficial election campaign now on. And the Tories have Jean Chretien to thank for it. His Bill C-24, passed in 2003, turned off the tap that had been pouring corporate cash into the Liberal party, as part of the government's attempt to shore up its reputation after the Adscam affair blew up. Besides limiting corporate donations to $1,000 a year, the bill set a $5,000 maximum (raised to $5,100 this year) on donations by individuals. And it awarded the parties an annual subsidy of $1.75 for every electoral vote they get. Based on last year's election results, the Liberal subsidy is $9.1 million for 2005. The Tories get $7.3 million, the NDP $3.9 million and the Bloc $3.1 million. "The $1.75 per vote was carefully calibrated to leave the Liberals in a revenue-neutral position," says University of Calgary political scientist Lisa Young, who is examining the impact of C-24. But the Liberals underestimated two things: the fundraising capacity of the new Tories, and the collapse of the Liberal vote in Quebec.

Tom Flanagan, former chief of staff to Stephen Harper, says C-24 played to the Tories' natural advantages. All three components of the party—the Progressive Conservative, Reform and Canadian Alliance parties—had developed systematic strategies for raising money. They became expert in using direct mail and telemarketing to tap their motivated grassroots. The Grits left grassroots fundraising to local officials. As a result, says Flanagan, they "haven't figured out how to do systematic fundraising from a nationally controlled membership list."

Instead, the Grits increasingly rely on their "Laurier Club" fundraising strategy. A $1,000 donation buys club membership, a $5,100 contribution earns the donor a so-called Laurier Plus status. Liberal party national director Steven MacKinnon says Laurier Club membership has bloomed from 500 in 2003 to 2,500 today. For $5,100, membership privileges include exclusive access to cabinet

The Tories have become experts in using direct mail and telemarketing to tap their party's grassroots

ministers and the Prime Minister at small, intimate gatherings. MacKinnon, meanwhile, contends the gap between Liberal and Tory revenues is exaggerated. He notes that this year's totals don't reflect most of the Grits' constituency level income, which the party doesn't report until year-end—"and we're getting much better at grassroots fundraising."

Still, the Liberals are nearly $1 million in debt, and they have promised to pay back $1.14 million in Adscam money. They will also borrow to ensure they can spend the maximum allowable $18 million on election expenses after the writ is dropped. So will the Tories, but in the meantime, they may use their much fatter war chest to carpet-bomb the political landscape with pre-election advertising. M

JIM ROSS

If an athlete climbs two steps, our whole country stands taller.

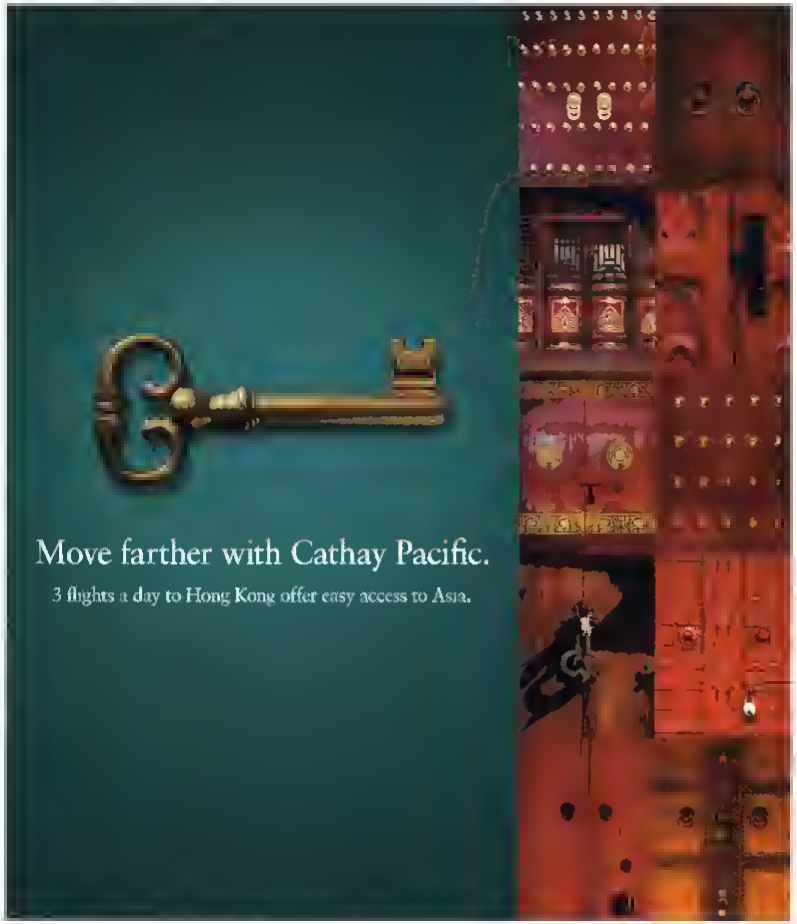


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BORDER CROSSINGS

THEY DON'T STOP FOR NOBODY

A lot of people coming into Canada are blowing by checkpoints

BY CATHY GULLI At a time of heightened concerns over border security and gun smuggling, the statistic is an eye-opener last year, the Canada Border Services Agency recorded 1,600 instances of people brazenly running the border at Canada's 119 checkpoints. "Some never stop at the inspection booth," explains Ron Moran, president of the Customs Excise Union Douanes Accise, which represents customs officers. "They just drive right through." Officers can do little except call the RCMP, whose jurisdiction is the area beyond the border crossing. "But the number of people who are intercepted is very small," says Moran. During three weeks last December, for example, 17 vehicles blew past customs at the Lacolle, Que., border crossing, the busiest checkpoint in that province. None were apprehended.

Along the estimated 250 unguarded roads into Canada from the U.S., the chances of catching illegal entrants are even worse, because there are no regular surveillance systems linked to police. In Standstead, Que., where observation cameras have been set up at two unguarded crossings, more than 250 vehicles a month use those routes. "Obviously there's something they don't want uncovered," says Moran, "whether it's smuggled goods, or people who would be inadmissable."



Deputy Prime Minister Anne McLellan has announced a new agency with specially trained, armed officers to patrol the busiest crossings. The union insists armed officers are essential at every checkpoint and unguarded road into Canada. "Security is only as strong as your weakest link," says Moran. "When you have unguarded roads, people blowing by customs officers, it leaves the question, 'how secure is your border?'" M



THE GOVERNOR GENERAL

HELLO HUDDLED MASSES

BY JOHN GEDDES A little-known activist group arrives in Ottawa, stages a demonstration, and a few hours later the Prime Minister is being personally briefed on its position by one of his most prominent appointees. It's an unlikely coup for a bunch of outsiders to federal politics, but it happened just that way last week—thanks to Governor General Michaëlle Jean. The demonstrators, a Quebec-based group that pushes for government subsidized housing and support for homeless people, held a sit-in at Rideau Hall. While the small group was inside, busloads of fellow protesters arrived and set up outside the official residence.

Jean agreed to meet with the demonstrators, chatting with them in an office in Rideau Hall. She promised to pass on their concerns to Paul Martin, a commitment which, according to a spokesman, she made good on in a telephone conversation that very evening.

Word of this remarkable success by the Front d'action populaire en réaménagement urbain might well have activists of all stripes rethinking strategy. Yet Rideau Hall doesn't seem to fear being besieged by groups aiming to gain access to the new GG's sympathetic ear, and through her to the PM. In fact, Jean's officials appeared to be extending an invitation. "One of the biggest pieces of the Governor General's mandate is to make sure Canadians have a place where they can be heard on important issues that reflect their daily lives," said Eric Richer, a spokesman for Jean. "She has made it very clear that she will raise those words with the Prime Minister."

A SYMPATHETIC EAR: Jean in Winnipeg in October making sure Canadians 'can be heard'

But where will Jean draw the line? The new GG had a long-established interest in poverty and social housing issues from her time as a journalist in Montreal, so her willingness to hear out last week's demonstrators was, perhaps, not surprising. How exactly she would deal with groups bringing more contentious issues—what if abortion activists, pro-choice or pro-life, appeared on Rideau Hall's front steps, or groups protesting the war in Iraq?—is not clear.

Jean might seem to be experimenting with her new vice-regal role. After all, Canadians associate her post mainly with neutral ceremonial functions, like greeting visiting dignitaries and giving out awards, such as the Order of Canada. Historians are more likely to focus on the Governor General's rarely called upon discretionary powers under the Constitution, which can include deciding who should be prime minister in moments of confusion in minority parliaments. But Ned Franks, a professor emeritus of politics at Queen's University, who is regarded as the dean of Canadian constitutional scholars, says Jean is working well within the bounds of another accepted function, which he defines as the "often ignored role of the governor general to represent Canada and Canadians to government."

In passing along to Martin what she's hearing on the issues of the day, Jean is not breaking new ground, according to Franks. "There is no question the governors general have been consulted by prime ministers," he says. "They are above the fray, you see." Perhaps in theory. But so far, the fray seems to be Jean's preferred habitat. M

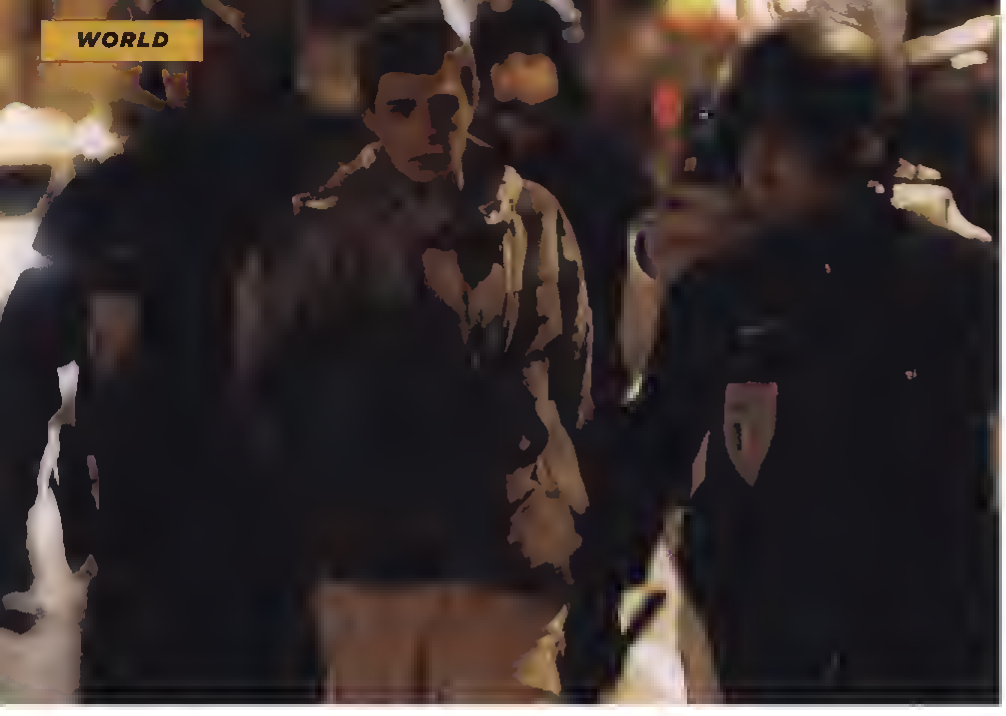
Jean was happy to meet poverty activists at Rideau Hall. But what if a pro-life group shows up?

MARIANNE HELM/CP

FOR THE RECORD

SAUCY FLOOR CROSSER WANTED BIG CAUCUS

Human resources minister and former star of Conservative Leader Stephan Harper's caucus, Belinda Stronach, spoke last week to Cathy Jonas on *This Hour Has 22 Minutes*. Jonas accused her of being seduced by an older man who "couldn't get his polls up." Said Stronach, "You know, I recommended to Stephan once that to rise in his polls he should take a little Viagra, but the pill got stuck in his throat and all he got was a stiff neck."



The riots are just a symptom

The poverty and joblessness that helped spark France's recent mayhem stem from rigid labour laws and a too-powerful state

BY MICHAEL PETROU After waiting 15 minutes for a waiter in a bustling restaurant in Paris's Latin Quarter, Jean-Marc Dreyfus, a 37-year-old French professional, decides the establishment is a good metaphor for what's wrong with France. The place is clearly understaffed. Two men scuttle around trying to serve food and booze but can't keep up with a growing crowd of patrons clamouring to hand over their money. More workers would improve service and bring in more cash. But Dreyfus says there's little chance this will happen. France's labour laws protect workers with jobs. It's extremely difficult to fire somebody, so employers rarely take the risk of hiring more staff. "People with small businesses will say they could create two or three jobs, but they hesitate," Dreyfus says. "They know if they take on these people and it doesn't work out, they won't be able to get rid of them. So they use interns or overwork employees—anything to avoid hiring someone."

Young Muslims may be rioting in the impoverished suburbs of France's cities, but the country clearly has other—and not necessarily unconnected—problems. France's rigid labour laws are just one aspect of a "social model" built around a powerful and centralized state. Almost six million French citizens are civil servants. That's one quarter of the workforce—a higher ratio than in any other OECD country. In France, the most ambitious kids don't go to university, they work and study for years to get into one of about 200 *grandes écoles*—the training ground for bureaucrats. And for good reason. Land a job in the civil service and you reap the benefits of France's welfare state: 35-hour workweeks, seven weeks of paid vacation, a good pension, and virtually no chance of ever getting fired.

Not everyone can work for the state, even in France. But some of these benefits are extended to other sectors of French society. Powerful unions, ready to strike at the drop of a hat, ensure that flexible labour reforms never get off the ground. French journalist Anne-Elizabeth Moutet describes strikes and demonstrations as a "national sport." And in a country where political elites are endlessly terrified of U.S. movies and rock music, even lousy French artists are coddled. "We've created a generation of would-be artists," Dreyfus says. "You have the same thing in England, the United States and Canada. They're called waiters and waitresses. Here, they do nothing."

It's a sweet deal if you can get it. And because enough people think they can, many French citizens aren't interested in change. A countrywide protest last month brought hundreds of thousands of workers onto the streets of Paris. It was difficult for most non-French journalists to cover, because no one knew what it was about. But Agnès Poirier, a journalist at the newspaper *Libération*, says a mass demonstration in the fall is an unofficially scheduled event known as *la grève de la rentrée*, because everyone is returning to school or work after summer vacations. "It's a preemptive thing," she told *Maclean's*. "It's a way of telling the government that we're here, and if you try to mess around, we'll demonstrate."

Demonstrators often say they're fighting against "Anglo-Saxon" economic models, or in favour of a more just society. Didier Hotte, a spokesman for the large and powerful Force Ouvriere union, said its members opposed flexible labour laws because this would destroy "the social links that exist between all levels of the population." Dreyfus is a little more cynical. "We have a strong anti-globalization movement here. But people don't join because they want to help the Third World. It's because they are afraid of this flexibility."

Those who benefit from France's social model fight to keep it. But this same system condemns those outside its cushy cocoon. France's jobless rate hovers around 10 per cent. It rises steadily for young people, many of whom linger in school well into their late 20s because they see no point in plunging into the labour market. This is bad enough. But if you're young and Muslim, there's little chance you'll be enjoying state pensions, or seven weeks of paid vacation, anytime soon.

There are approximately six million Muslims in France—10 per cent of the population—most of whom are Arabs and Africans from France's former colonies. Many have been in France for decades, but they live outside of mainstream French society, in a parallel universe of bleak housing estates, high unemployment, crime and racial discrimination. Around the time Dreyfus finally manages to speak to a waiter (an Irishman), thousands of these young Muslim men have been torching several hundred cars, a couple of supermarkets and a nursery school.

"You want to go *where*?" Jean, a cab driver, asks when directed to the Paris suburb of Clichy-sous-Bois, the scene of intense rioting. "That's where all the shit is." It doesn't take Jean long to get fired up. "They're savages!" he shouts, turning around in the driver's seat. "There's going to be a revolution, because the French are sick of this shit. They're going to pick up the *beurs* [children of North Africans] by the seat of their pants and throw them out. Back to Algeria! Back to their countries!"



DISENFRANCHISED Most young French Muslims live in a parallel universe of hopelessness

'When you're looking for work, if you have black hair or an Arab name, you don't have a chance'

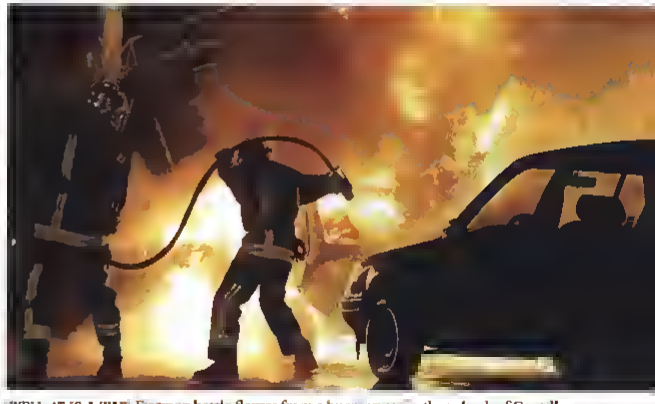
Jean's anger abates, but he still won't go to Clichy-sous-Bois. The next driver, a black man with an African accent, just laughs when asked to go to the suburbs. "*Non. Non, merci*," he says and drives off.

Once a cab finally gets there, it's clear why no one wanted to drive into the area. Parisians often brag about the myriad of social services supposedly available in France's underprivileged neighbourhoods. "It's not like the Bronx," one man says. But in Clichy, the bottom windows of apartment buildings are broken, the walls covered in graffiti. Buses full of riot police line the roads, and more stand in phalanxes, behind their Plexiglas shields. "Well, it is war," the driver says as he drops me off.

There is some sort of commotion at a cluster of buildings. A group of about 50 riot police are gathered. "*Bonsoir, mon petit*," one says. It is not a friendly greeting. Amid the shells of cars burnt the previous night, gangs of teens are sneering at the rows of riot police on the other side of the street.

In a teahouse set back from the road, older men mutter and shake their heads. They say the police are racist, and that it's impossible for anyone with an Arab name to get a job. But many are also disgusted with the young people. "What's the point of burning cars?" asks George, a young shopkeeper originally from Lebanon, and one of the few Christians in Clichy. "That could be my car, my cousin's car. It's pointless." George also blames the parents of the rioting teenagers. "They all have eight kids and are not responsible."

The shouting outside rises and falls. "If this keeps up, there will be civil war," George says. He doesn't want to give his real name, nor do any of the other adults. They say they're afraid to speak on the record against the rioters, lest their cars or shops be the next to get destroyed. By now it is close to 9 p.m., and George advises me to leave. When the tea salon and next door barbershop close for the evening, there will be no one left on the streets but aggressive teenagers looking for trouble and overworked riot police with short fuses.



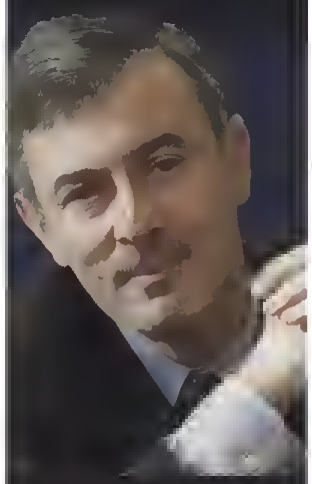
WELL, IT IS A WAR Firemen battle flames from a burning car in the suburb of Gentilly

'They're savages,' yells one man. 'There's going to be a revolution because of this.'

The next day, in the suburb of Aulnay-sous-Bois, where dozens of cars and shops had been set ablaze overnight, a familiar scene is taking shape as teens and riot police eye each other from a distance. A group of men in their early 20s, one of whom is rolling a joint, is watching. Asked why young people are burning down their neighbourhood, "Coco" says police had fired a tear gas canister into a mosque in a nearby suburb. "It didn't happen

CHRISTOPHE ENA/AP
BETH PHOTOS M CHEL SPINGLER/AP

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YOUNG AND ANGRY Some say most of the arson was committed by 14- and 15-year-olds

'The suburbs are for foreigners,' says an immigrant from Lebanon. 'I'd like to be French. But it's impossible. Here I will always be a foreigner.'

here, but we're supporting them," he says.

Mohammed, a black man, blames police racism. Others jump in and say they're always getting slapped by police. Mohammed says that whenever Muslims are arrested, they're never given food or, if they are fed, police spit on their plates. The young men say that the people who actually committed most of the arson are 14- and 15-year olds who call themselves "*les killeurs des flics*"—cop killers. "They're young, but they're angry, too," Coco says.

Small groups of older men are also gathered on the sidewalk. Unlike Coco and his friends, dressed in jeans and baseball caps, they wear traditional loose-fitting shirts and trousers, and speak with softer voices. The kids burning the cars are "sick," says one man who's never had any problems with racist police. "There are good boys here, intelligent ones," he continues. "But when you're looking for a job, if you have black hair or an Arab name, you don't have a chance."

The French like to use the word "solidarity" a lot. Many think it's a quality that sets their country apart from the naked capitalism of the British and Americans. But in reality, the French system is built on the solidarity of the privileged majority with itself. The restless youths in the suburbs surrounding most French towns don't need more bureaucrats staffing "anti-discrimination agencies," better public transport or another community centre. Whoever torched kindergartens, shot at police and beat an elderly man to death in the recent riots needs to be thrown in jail. Those unable to get job interviews or rent apartments because they're Arab or black need effective legal representation.

The rest need what generations of immigrants to North America have used to pull themselves out of poverty: jobs. This means relaxing labour laws so people can work part-time, full time, more than 35 hours a week, or as work is available. If the French were really interested in improving the lot of their country's Muslim and immigrant population, they'd rethink their restrictive social model and let those stuck in a purgatory of poverty and unemployment help themselves.

It's unlikely to happen. Jean-Louis Debre, the president of the French parliament, dismissed his country's rioters as "not part of our universe." In the eyes of much of France, these sentiments apply not just to the rioters, but to the millions of ethnic minorities living just beyond the fashionable city centres.

The French right wants to deport these minorities altogether. The French left would rather keep them far from Paris's sidewalk cafés and restaurants. No one wants to actually compete for jobs with them. "You've seen Paris, and you've seen the suburbs, and they're not the same place," says George, the shopkeeper from Lebanon who lives in the charred suburb of Clichy-sous-Bois. "The suburbs are for foreigners." George has lived in France for 16 years. His family in Lebanon is dead. "I'd like to be French," he says. "But it's impossible. Here I will always be a foreigner." M

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BLAIR ON THE BRINK

The British Prime Minister became convinced people wanted heavy-handed action against terrorism, which is why his government is now on the verge of collapse

BY MICHAEL PETROU At the Bangladeshi halal restaurant on Whitechapel Road, Gulam Khan is frantically shovelling large spoonfuls of rice and lamb, tossed with cloves and cardamom seeds, into Tupperware containers belonging to a long line of customers at his counter. It is a few minutes before sundown and *iftaar*, when Muslims break their Ramadan fast, and his customers are anxious to get home with food in time.



REBELS IN HIS CAUCUS SMELLED BLOOD

HIS DAYS ARE NUMBERED the real issue is that Blair has lost touch with his country

This neighbourhood in London's East End is approximately 50 per cent Muslim, most of them from Bangladesh. George Galloway, the British politician frequently in the news because of allegations he received oil money from Saddam Hussein, is MP here. He was elected on an anti-war ticket in national elections this May. That was before July 7, when four British Muslims detonated suicide bombs on the London transit system, murdering 52 people. Two weeks later, another round of attacks failed to kill anyone because the bombs did not detonate properly.

"Everyone panicked," Khan says.

British Muslims feared more bombs, but they were also afraid of a breakdown in relations with their non-Muslim neighbours. This didn't happen. Kahn and others up and down Whitechapel Road say their interactions with non-Muslims in the city are as friendly as they were before the horrors of July 7. Several mosques were vandalized in the aftermath of the bombings. But widespread media reports about feared revenge attacks against Muslims outnumbered stories about actual incidents. "Thankfully, we have not seen a high level of attacks against individuals," says Inayat Bunglawala, a spokesman for the Muslim Council of Britain. "Bricks and mortars you can always replace. Attacks on individuals would have been more traumatic."

The truth is that London got back to normal remarkably quickly after the bombings. Muslim youth in France are in the midst of a two-week arson spree, and relations between that country's Muslim and non-Muslim residents are strained and hostile. London, however, still hums with a civilized multicultural bustle.

You wouldn't know this from press reports. Correspondents dispatched to London after the terrorist attacks all seemed to agree on a similar storyline: the Brits reacted with stoic defiance to the first round of attacks, echoing memories of Churchill, and the Blitz, and "We shall fight on the beaches." When the attempted second round occurred, however, everything supposedly went pear-shaped. Britons began to fear. Thus, *Vanity Fair*'s celebrity gossip hound Dominick Dunne reported in the magazine's October issue that London in July after the bombings was full of tension, and "Everyone seemed reluctant to use public transport."

If only. The commute home on the day of the attempted July 21 attacks was as crowded as ever. The teenage passengers had to drink their cans of lager standing up. And if Londoners were now scared, it was hard to tell by the festive revellers pouring out of West End theatres and pubs.

Dunne also said that several British cab drivers he spoke to told him they would no longer pick up Muslims. In the three months since the attacks, though, not a single cab driver (many of whom are Muslims themselves) has told this to me or any of my many British friends. It's possible that all these cabbies decided to unburden themselves to *Vanity Fair*, although it seems unlikely. But *Vanity Fair* is hardly alone. Dozens of media painted a picture of London as a shaken city. It wasn't. And it's not.

The problem with all this rubbish is that British Prime Minister Tony Blair apparently took it seriously—which is why his government is now on the verge of collapse.

Convinced that Britons were desperate for their PM to do something about the terrorists in their midst, Blair grossly overestimated how much they would be willing to let him get away with. His government brought in a flurry of legislation designed to combat terrorism, but which comes at the expense of civil liberties. Most seriously, he proposed that the length of time police can detain terror suspects without charge be increased from 14 to 90 days.

The legislation caused an uproar in Muslim communities, whose members feared the new rules would unfairly target them but do little to combat terrorism. Already, the majority of suspects arrested under the existing terrorism legislation are released without charge. Blair could probably have survived a loss of support from British Muslims. Unfortunately for the Prime Minister, few other Britons liked the idea of throwing potentially innocent people in jail for three months.

Blair was savaged by British leftists and conservatives in equal measure. Rebels in his caucus smelled blood. Last week, the growing opposition and dissent climaxed in Parliament, where a majority—including 49 Labour MPs—voted to defeat the legislation and hand Tony Blair his first House of Commons defeat as PM. Blair's leadership is now fatally weakened. He portrayed the vote as vital to the defence of the British realm. If Blair cannot command the respect of his party on such an issue, it is hard to see how he can still claim authority to govern.

Islamist terrorism is a new threat. But more than the citizens of any European country, Britons recoil at the slightest whiff of despotism in their government.

Maclean's reported in May that Tony Blair's days were numbered. The events of last week will only hasten his departure. Some commentators will blame the Prime Minister's perceived arrogance, his close ties to U.S. President George W. Bush, or even the popularity of his probable successor, Gordon Brown. But the real issue is that Blair has lost touch with his country.

After the July attacks, he declared that the "rules of the game" had changed. The Prime Minister is right, of course. Islamist terrorism is a new threat. But Britons have not changed. They've faced terrorists and bombs before. And more than the citizens of any European country, Britons recoil at even the slightest whiff of despotism in their government. Blair underestimated how much value Britons place on liberty, even over safety. He is paying the price. M

ANDREW STUART/AP
NORMAN J. FISHER/AP



WELL-ARMED AND DANGEROUS pirates who made the abortive attack on the Seabourn Spirit

PIRACY

Yo-ho-ho and an anti-tank missile

BY NANCY MACDONALD In the fourth case of piracy off Somalia's coast in a one-week period, a Thai cargo ship was hijacked on Nov. 7. This occurred just two days after the cruise ship Seabourn Spirit, carrying more than 300 passengers and crew, successfully evaded capture. All are thought to be the work of the same gang that seized the World Food Program cargo ship MV Semlow in June, leading the director of the British-based International Maritime Bureau (IMB) to declare the waters off the Somali coast "a pirate's charter." As these attacks made clear, piracy on the high seas is increasingly violent and sophisticated. Often trained fighters armed with automatic weapons, anti-tank missiles and grenades, the attackers move with military precision in the dead of night.

The extent of piracy is unknown, many shipping companies don't report incidents for fear of reprisals, delays or increased insurance premiums. But security experts suggest the frequency of piracy has tripled in the past decade, reaching its highest level in modern history. The IMB, an industry watchdog, recorded 330 acts of piracy in 2004. And although the global figure fell by 18 per cent during the first nine months of 2005, there has been an unprecedented spike in attacks off Somalia, which has recorded at least 30 incidents since March.

The problem isn't restricted to Africa. In fact, the areas most affected by piracy are in Southeast Asia and the Far East. The Strait of Malacca, a 800-km corridor separating Indonesia from Malaysia and one of the world's busiest sea passages, is also its most dangerous, the setting for one fifth of last year's attacks. And there's concern about the proliferation of piracy off the Basra oil terminal in Iraq, which recorded six incidents since April, raising the spectre of terrorism at sea.

International law treats pirates as "enemies of mankind," granting to all states the authority to seize ships under pirates' control. But most attacks are committed within the jurisdiction of states, and since it's forbidden to chase pirates across national boundaries, they evade capture by skipping into the territorial waters of a neighbouring state. This has been remarkably easy along the Strait of Malacca, shared by Indonesia, Malaysia and Singapore, despite coordinated naval patrols that began last year. Policing Somalia's 3,025-km coastline (Africa's longest), however, would be impossible: the country has been operating without a central administration since 1991.

The industry is fighting back with various measures. But the attacks continue. Blackbeard may be long dead, but his legacy lives on. M

THE ISSUE IN...

DENMARK PRIESTS BRIDLE AT FLAKY AD

Denmark's ministers of the cloth are upset over a dandruff-shampoo advertisement that claims priests endorse the product. When the chairman of the Danish Association of Priests contacted the maker of Nizoral, it admitted no Danish ministers had tried it. Perhaps worse, the ministers charge that the priest in the ad isn't even Danish. Judging by her plain vestment, she's a Swede. Danish ministers wear a big white collar that would catch any telltale flakes.

A tech crash survivor returns

Greg Maffei presided over one of Canada's great telecom flameouts. Now he gets another shot.

BY STEVE MAICH There is life after the telecom bust. Last week, Greg Maffei was named chief executive of Liberty Media Corp., the US$24-billion holding company controlled by reclusive entrepreneur John Malone. The hiring was widely hailed as a coup for Liberty because Maffei brings an impressive track record to the job, including stints as chief financial officer at two of the most important software companies in the world—Microsoft Corp. and Oracle Corp. Malone himself praised Maffei as "one of the most astute financial thinkers I have met," and said he was the ideal candidate to tackle Liberty's "hard problems" ahead.

But that glowing endorsement may rankle Canadian investors familiar with Maffei's record. In this country, Maffei is better known as the man who, for the five years between his stints at Microsoft and Oracle, led Vancouver-based 360networks—one of the most spectacular flameouts from the technology and telecom craze of 2000. Five years ago, 360 was one of several companies spending billions laying fibre optic cable across continents and oceans, in the belief that demand for telecommunications capacity was exploding. When the telecom gold rush ended abruptly, "360 was caught with its pants down," says Lawrence Surtees, director of telecom research at IDC Canada. Faced with a disappearing customer base and dwindling cash, 360 was forced to file for bankruptcy protection in 2001, wiping out hundreds of millions of dollars in shareholder wealth and writing off billions in debt.

But that dark chapter in Maffei's career seemed all but forgotten last week. Although Liberty mentioned his term at 360 in its announcement, most of the upbeat media coverage omitted any reference to his Canadian tribulations. One of the few exceptions was maverick fund manager James Cramer, who wrote, in his column for *TheStreet.com*, that Maffei is "no messiah" for Liberty. "He captained a ship that even as it was taking in water, even as it was submerging, he told investors to come on board, the ship's just fine," he said.

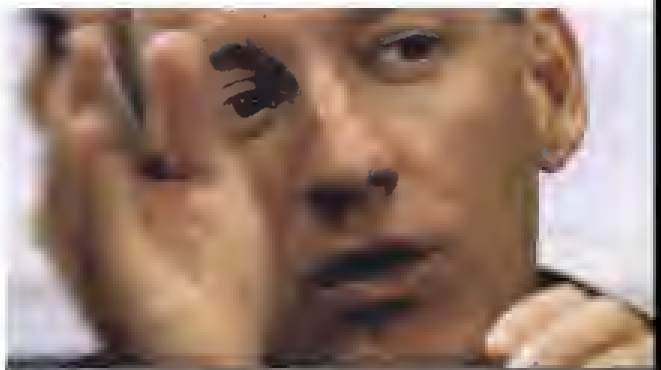
Others, however, are more inclined to forgive and forget, and many think Maffei will be a far better fit for Liberty than he ever was at 360. The latter was a company in the midst of an enormously complex and risky construction project, requiring constant sales and financing manoeuvres to stay afloat. Liberty, on the other hand, is a holding company with investments in a collection of media companies—including a 17-per-cent stake in Rupert Murdoch's News Corp. and 20 per cent of Barry Diller's InterActive Corp—but doesn't actually run any businesses. The company needs a great financial mind to parse the implications of asset sales and spinoffs. "He's not really running a business here, he's acting as a financial engineer," says Andrew Baker, an analyst with New York City-based Cathay Financial. "The person who runs Liberty is really a portfolio manager who can maximize the value of assets. And in the places that he's worked before, especially Microsoft, Greg has gotten a lot of experience doing that."

That's not to say it'll be easy. Liberty's stock has fallen by 27 per cent in the past year, and the company is now worth much less than the sum of its assets. Maffei's task is to find a way to translate all those investments into cash flow, boost the stock price, and figure out how to sell certain large assets (like its stake in News Corp.) without triggering massive tax bills.

It's a job that's going to require patience and time, analysts say. And while some might question the fact that Maffei lasted only five months at Oracle, that's not a concern in this case. Oracle CEO Larry Ellison is notoriously temperamental and difficult to work with (a favourite joke around Oracle goes like this: What's the difference between God and Larry? Answer: God doesn't think he's Larry). Maffei is just the latest in a long line of top executives to pass through the company's executive turnstiles. And if there's one thing you can say for Maffei, it's that he's no quitter.

Humbling as the 360networks experience was, he stayed for almost four years after the bankruptcy filing, trying in vain to put together a plan that would lead to sustainable profit. Maffei managed to emerge with his reputation intact—no small feat considering how many investors got crushed in the wreckage. "The thing you have to give to Maffei is that he stayed at 360 to the bitter end, and that's a very positive thing when you compare it to all those other telecom executives who one day just stopped answering their phones," says Ian Angus, president of Angus Tele-Management, a telecom consulting firm based in Kemptville, Ont. "He did as good a job as could be done. Nobody could've made 360networks a huge success."

Liberty just hopes that Maffei's tenacity will yield better results this time around. M



THE BOSS Maffei managed to emerge from 360networks with his reputation intact—no small feat considering all the investors that got crushed in its collapse

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TAKING FLIGHT IN THE LIVING ROOM

World's tiniest remote-controlled plane wows kids—and NASA

BY COLIN CAMPBELL Nine years ago, Saskatoon-based toy company Plantraco began producing high tech, miniature remote-controlled toys. Today, among those on the long waiting list for its newest product, the Butterfly—the world's smallest remote-controlled airplane—are no less than NASA and the Canadian Space Agency. Although Bud Kays, Plantraco's affable 37 year-old owner, isn't quite sure why. "Maybe they're using it in the lunchroom for jokes," he says.

The Butterfly, which sells for US$239, is designed to be flown indoors. Whizzing past, it looks a bit like a flying pencil that has sprouted tissue-paper wings and an oversized propeller. Since the product was featured on a couple of major technology blogs this summer, the company has sold over a thousand of the tiny planes. "Our challenge is to keep up with the demand for components," says Kays. "We've been back-ordered since August."

The Butterfly is Plantraco's second big toy breakthrough. The company, which now has about a dozen employees, first hit it big with a miniature remote-controlled blimp that, in the late '90s, drew the attention of CNN and several major talk shows. "Before we knew it, we had $1 million in orders," says Kays. Today, sales are hovering near $4 million. Plantraco's big challenge now, aside from balancing orders with its parts manufacturers in South Korea, the Czech Republic and Canada, is staying ahead of toy makers in China. "We realize we can't compete with the low-cost toys you see in Wal-Mart from China," says Kays.



PHOTO BY ANDREW TOLSON/MACLEAN'S (LEFT); SAMANTHA SIN/GETTY IMAGES

THE BUTTERFLY'S NATURAL ENEMIES dogs, cats and two year old children

"We knew if we wanted to compete, we'd have to go high-tech, state of the art."

Those who've reviewed the Butterfly online have marvelled at its design, but warn pilots to keep a bottle of crazy glue handy before takeoff, since planes made of balsa wood and tissue paper don't crash well. "It's a big boy's toy," says Kays. "The worst enemies of the Butterfly are two-year-olds, cats and dogs." M

The Great Firewall of China



STEVE MAICH

From what little we know about Shi Tao, it's safe to assume he's an idealist. At least, he was.

As head of the editorial department for *Contemporary Business News*, in China's Hunan province, the 37-year-old journalist would have had a better-than-average grasp of Western values, like freedom of speech. Tao had a front-row seat to his country's economic awakening, and likely believed the arrival of Western corporations would not only modernize China's economy, but would be the basis for a gradual opening up of society. That, after all, is what the prophets of globalized commerce keep saying.



So, on April 20, 2004, Tao took a risk. He logged in to his Yahoo email account and sent an anonymous message to a New York-based Internet site called Democracy Watch, detailing the Chinese government's plans to limit coverage of the anniversary of the 1989 Tiananmen Square protests. When authorities discovered the posting, they traced it back to Yahoo and demanded the company hand over the source of the message. Yahoo complied, and Tao was sentenced to 10 years in prison for divulging state secrets over the Internet.

Since then, Tao has become a symbol of clashing cultures in China. And to the westerners who've taken up his cause, Yahoo has become emblematic of corporate North America's hypocrisy in the developing world.

Yahoo says it had no choice but to comply with a court order demanding the records, but that explanation has done nothing to stem the flow of harsh criticism. Max Boot, a senior fellow at the Washington-based Council on Foreign Relations, ripped into Yahoo in an essay published last month in the *Los Angeles Times*. "What if local law required Yahoo to co-operate in strictly separating the races?" he demanded. "Or the rounding up and extermination of a certain race? Or the stoning of homosexuals?" Boot, of course, thinks the answers ought to be obvious, and in extreme cases like the ones he raises, they are. But once you get away from the inflammatory examples, the moral and ethical quandaries get harder to crack. And we're no closer to solving them today than we were a year and a half ago, when Tao hit "send" on that fateful email.

The trouble, as with all real dilemmas, is that reason and sentiment pull in opposite directions. Most freedom-loving westerners abhor China's political crackdowns and recoil from the thought that North American companies might allow themselves to be tools of totalitarian oppression. Rationally, however, it's clear that Western companies don't have the luxury of picking and choosing which local laws they will obey. Foreign companies in this country must abide by Canada's laws, regardless of the cultural mores in their home countries. And when Internet providers hand over the records of suspected child molesters or email fraudsters, nobody suggests it's a gross betrayal of free expression. Yet when it comes to democracy in Asia, westerners demand that companies play by different rules.

It's a Catch 22 that's sure to ensnare more companies over the next decade, as China's markets open and its political institutions resist their inevitable loss of control. It's fine for Google to recite its feel-good corporate motto "don't be evil," but living up to those words is more difficult than it sounds. Already, Microsoft, Google and others are bending to Chinese demands, enabling officials to censor and monitor messages that threaten the country's delicate political balance. Search for "democracy" from a Beijing Internet address and you're likely to get an error message and a visit from local authorities.

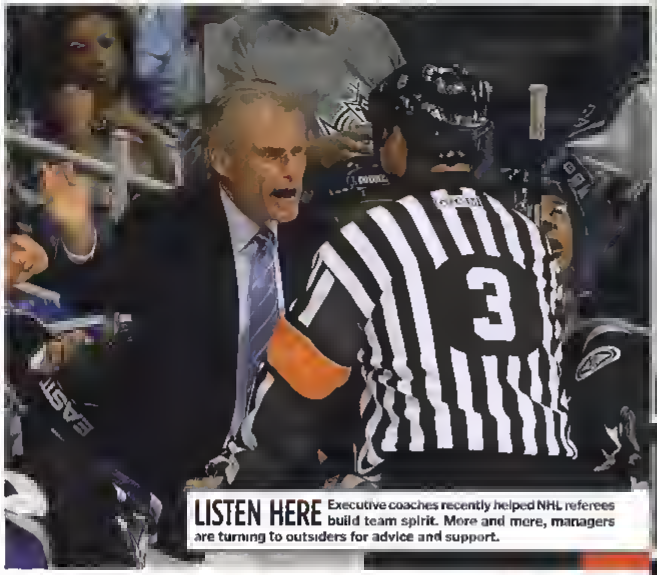
Fulfilling the promise of the Internet will be up to politicians, not businessmen

Last week in New York City, Reporters Without Borders, along with 25 investment fund managers, called on all Internet and tech companies to commit themselves to promoting freedom and human rights around the world. That sounds lovely, but it naively misrepresents the nature of business. Yahoo, Google and Microsoft sell technological tools. These tools have the potential to enhance freedom and break down cultural barriers. But fulfilling the promise of the Internet and of globalization will ultimately fall to politicians and activists, not businessmen.

Poor Shi Tao. In the warm glow of an economic revolution it would've been easy to believe Western democracy would be following along shortly behind Western capitalism. But markets open faster than societies do, and corporations aren't in Asia to spread human rights. They're there to make money—even if a few idealists get trampled along the way. M

A LITTLE USEFUL ADVICE

Coaches are the hot executive accessory



LISTEN HERE Executive coaches recently helped NHL referees build team spirit. More and more, managers are turning to outsiders for advice and support.

BY KATHERINE MACKLEM After senior executives Gary Bettman and Colin Campbell spoke to National Hockey League officials at their annual September training camp, Mark Bosworth and David Hoy took the stage. Partners in an Edmonton executive coaching firm, the pair were brought in to work with the referees and linesmen for the next two days. "Our group had been off for a year through the lockout—it was fragmented," says NHL VP Stephen Walkom, who'd hired the pair. "Prior to doing anything in regard to the officials' actual jobs, we worked through a whole process of team building. We needed to get a sense of worth again, and a sense of trust."

Huh? The cool cats of the ice, keepers of the NHL's new rules, in need of soft skills like team building? And using executive coaches to get there? Once—and not *that* long ago—exclusive to corner office occupants, executive coaches are now seemingly ubiquitous. On university campuses and in law firms, government, and not-for-profit organizations, they've also infiltrated the middle ranks of business. As a shrink is to the New Yorker, a coach is the new must have status symbol of mid-level office workers. No longer is the presence of a coach an indication something is wrong, now it's a perk that means you're a rising star. And discretion, once the mainstay of any coach's success, is also gone, at least for clients. Today, from the water cooler to the cocktail party, coaching is prime chatter material. Commonly edged into the banter of office tower hot potboil are these key words: "According to *my* coach ..."

Exactly what a coach does is a little fuzzy, and a lot touchy-feely. The goal is to help clients resolve work related problems, such as a non-collaborative staffer or a belligerent boss, or to build intangibles like leadership skills. While group coaching is gaining traction, coaches typically work with clients one-on-one. By asking focused questions, the coach helps develop a strategy, and then follows up as the client carries out the action plan. It's not about remediation, nor is it hand-holding, says long-time coach Alison Hendren, who oversees the program at Victoria's Royal Roads University. "Coaching supports people in discovering and maximizing their professional and personal potential."

When confiding to colleagues can be career suicide, coaches step in

Isn't that what a boss is supposed to do? In today's world, the answer is more often no. There isn't time. Overloaded managers are now the norm, especially at mid-levels, and they can't take time for the soft side of running a business, says Lindsay Sukornyk, a Toronto coach. "As corporations have downsized and got their organizations to lean and mean," she notes, "managing, mentoring and relationship building have fallen by the wayside." Like so many other former in-house functions, nurturing is now being outsourced. "Coaching people is extremely important, but it's not always urgent," she says.

There's another factor: the transient work force. With people moving rapidly between organizations and in and out of jobs, there is little time to develop relationships with co-workers. And in increasingly competitive environments, where everyone is dispensable, there is little trust among colleagues. "It can be political suicide to share certain things with your peers or your boss," observes Sukornyk. "That's a huge piece of why external coaches are extremely important. It's a totally unbiased, objective support system to people."

Among the NHL refs, there's much more cohesion, says Walkom. In the past, refs would often pass the buck when calls were criticized, saying they hadn't made up the rules. Now, they are more likely to stand up for their calls and those of their colleagues, he adds. The cost of providing Bosworth's and Hoy's services per team was "hardly anything," says Walkom. "Let me just say this: any money that's spent on this type of effort, to make your people the best they can be, is paid back in dividends." M

EMPLOYEE OF THE WEEK

YURII VLASOV TINKERS WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT

Light is fast—so fast that it's difficult to harness on a computer chip. But Yurii Vlasov, a researcher at IBM Corp., may have found a way. In a study published last week, IBM revealed that Vlasov and his team managed to slow the speed of light by a factor of 300 (to 600 miles per second) as it travels across a microchip. That means the potential to store and send more data, faster and using less power, than ever thought possible. Geek heaven is upon us.

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Curses, not cures?

Researchers question whether front-line Alzheimer's drugs are doing any good

BY DANYLO HAWALESHKA It's a dark day when the few drugs available to treat Alzheimer's disease start looking like they don't do much good. Aricept, Reminyl and Exelon are collectively known as cholinesterase inhibitors. They are the standard treatment options in Canada for patients who suffer from mild to moderate symptoms of Alzheimer's. Last year, Canadian physicians wrote more than one million prescriptions for these drugs, worth $129 million, according to market watcher IMS Health. But a growing body of evidence suggests the three medications may not work. In fact, they may cause serious harm.

In a recent paper published in the *British Medical Journal*, a German research team challenged the validity of 22 so-called "gold standard" clinical trials that purported to show the therapeutic benefits of Aricept, Reminyl and Exelon. The scientists concluded that "because of flawed methods and small clinical benefits, the scientific basis for recommendations of cholinesterase inhibitors for the treatment of Alzheimer's disease is questionable."

Individual nerve cells communicate with one another through the release of a chemical called acetylcholine. Once acetylcholine, a neurotransmitter, has done its job, it is eliminated by an enzyme called acetylcholinesterase. Aricept, Reminyl and Exelon suppress acetylcholinesterase and help maintain acetylcholine levels that, in Alzheimer's patients, steadily drop as brain cells die. The trouble is, the results of clinical drug trials are often overinterpreted, says Dr. Hanna Kaduszkiewicz, the German paper's lead author and a physician at the University Medical Centre Hamburg-Eppendorf, Hamburg's largest hospital. "There are a lot of reasons for this tendency," she says. "One of them certainly is that doctors always want to be able to give something to their patients, and therefore tend to be more positive about innovations than they should be."

The new doubts about the three drugs created a storm of controversy, with scientists from around the world challenging the German findings. However, it is indisputable that only a small fraction of patients respond positively to any of the three drugs, although more exact percentages are not known. As well, the response rate is so low, and the side effects so potentially serious, that some clinicians are asking whether these drugs ought to be prescribed at all. But Dr. Jack Diamond, scientific director of the Alzheimer Society of Canada, says such factors aren't reason enough to get rid of the drugs. "What we want now is not to say, 'Right, cholinesterase inhibitors don't work, we don't want to use them,'" Diamond says. "What should be done is more research to identify the responders."

It seems unlikely that drug companies would line up to do that kind of study, according to Dr. Thomas Perry, a scientist at the Therapeutics Initiative, an independent organization at the University of British Columbia that assesses drug data. "Imagine, if you're the drug company, if only one out of 10 patients benefits," Perry says. "You'd cut your market to 10 per cent of what it would otherwise have been." Perry acknowledges it is possible the drugs may work "for a few people," but in general, he says, "I wouldn't expect much," other than the common side effects, such as nausea, vomiting, diarrhea, and weight loss. And, Perry adds, "our analysis of all the experiments leads us to think that about one in 50 people started on the drugs will have something fairly nasty happen to them."

By nasty, Perry means a "serious adverse event," defined as either death, hospitalization, prolonged hospitalization or permanent disability. For example, the three drugs can cause loss of bowel control. "If that led to an older person lying in a pool of their own feces for a few days," says Perry, "their skin may break down, they may get an infection, they may get hospitalized—and some of them die." So questionable is the value of these drugs that British Columbia no longer pays for them. But Diamond says anecdotal evidence suggests caregivers coping with difficult patients find the drugs invaluable. "Those small clinical changes are enormously important to them," says Diamond. "It makes a huge difference to their whole quality of life." In the wake of the controversy, Perry has some drug advice. "If you're going to try it, try it very cautiously, and you and your family should be aware of the adverse effects," he says. "Don't just take it because the doctor said, 'I want you to try this.'" M

TONICS

COULD CABBAGE CURE AVIAN FLU?

With fears of an avian flu pandemic on the rise, some novel South Korean research is getting renewed attention. Scientists discovered that kimchee—Korean-style sauerkraut—improved the condition of 11 out of 13 chickens afflicted with the disease. Both kimchee and German sauerkraut are fermented cabbage and contain high levels of lactic acid and the bacterium lactobacillus. Consumption of both food products has spiked in South Korea and the U.S.



THE STUDENTS SAY they have been forced to pray outdoors or in crowded hallways

McGill's prayer problem

Devout Muslims say the university owes them a special room

BY BENOIT AUBIN There is no intifada brewing on McGill University's campus—yet. But an ongoing dispute between a group of Muslim students and the management of the secular Montreal university shows the traditional firewalls Canadians have built between public and private life are under attack, by new Canadians formulating new demands. A group of devout Muslims claim they have been forced to pray outdoors or in crowded hallways since they were "rudely shut out" of their dedicated prayer room last spring when that space, on the cramped downtown campus, was used to build an archaeology lab.

Not so, the college says. Students were warned a full year ahead of time that the space—loaned to them for free—would be taken back, and they could use whatever free space available to congregate or pray. The Muslim students reply that, even when empty, most classrooms are inadequate, because chairs and desks are bolted to the floor, and can't be moved to make space for prayer. "We have to pray five times a day, at set intervals, and we never know which rooms are free or not," says Sarah Elgazzar, a 24-year-old Ontario-born, hijab-wearing neuropsychology student who graduated in June but remains the spokesperson for McGill's Muslim Students' Association on this issue. "There is no dignity in praying in a hallway, when you hear the remarks of people walking by."

The dispute boils down to a conflict between what the university views as its secular mandate, and what some students call a vital religious right. The McGill campus is surrounded by churches of various denominations and halls belonging to other religious or cultural organizations, but there are no mosques within easy walking distance because Montreal's Muslim population of more than 100,000 is scattered in small pockets all over town.

McGill's management says the university doesn't have to concern itself with the religious needs of students. "Basically we don't believe we have a legal obligation to provide this particular group with a religious space on campus," Jennifer Robinson, associate vice-principal of communications, told *Maclean's*. "We are an academic institution and our main mission is teaching, learning and research. We're not in the business of religious activity." But the students have a ready reply. "The secular status of McGill is no reason for the university to rid itself of its responsibilities toward its religious students," Elgazzar says.

McGill has gone out of its way to help the students solve their problem by trying to find a place off campus, Robinson says. "For a year now, our legal staff, our real estate experts and senior management have been working closely with these students week after week, but my sense is they prefer to spend their time saying we have the responsibility to provide for them." The students reply that they haven't been able

> **'My sense is they prefer to spend their time saying we have the responsibility to provide for them'**

to find the money to set up a charity—the proposed way to raise funds to buy a building in the neighbourhood. "You can't expect students to raise $2 million in a few months to acquire property downtown," Elgazzar says. "We need an interim place now. We don't mind if it's called a multi-faith or a meditation room."

Universities elsewhere are watching McGill—because most have been confronted with the same issue. In one instance two years ago, the case went all the way to the Quebec Human Rights commission after Muslim students at a technical school affiliated with Université du Québec said they were denied a dedicated prayer room. The commission is still pondering its decision. But what creates really bad optics at McGill is that Concordia University, its cross downtown English language rival, is currently expanding a dedicated prayer room that Muslim students there have been using since the early 1980s. M

PHOTO BY ROGER LEMOYNE

BLACKBOARD JUNGLE

POKING BEEHIVES: A FIELD TRIP GONE WRONG

Dozens of second-greders from a school in the Baltimore area got stung by bees during a recent outdoor science lesson. Roughly 100 children were studying trees in a wood when one of them stumbled upon a hive and provoked its occupants. The bees attacked, stinging 47 kids. Forty were sent to hospital as a precautionary measure, two of whom suffered minor allergic reactions. The other seven went home with their parents.

KIDS WITH A CAUSE

Some schools in Canada force students to volunteer. Even then, it turns out to be good for them.

BY CATHY GULLI Every Monday evening, Dushyandi Rajendran trades in her backpack and textbooks for another set of learning tools—coloured papers and a yellow smock. Once she's got her homework and supper out of the way, the Grade 12 student heads out to an unlikely night class essential for her to graduate next spring: Japanese paper-folding.

Seventeen-year-old Rajendran, who attends Marc Garneau Collegiate in Toronto, is putting in community service hours at Princess Margaret Hospital Lodge, an off-site facility for cancer patients. There, she helps teach a weekly origami class through the Canadian Cancer Society. But Rajendran insists she's the one benefiting most from these sessions. "Hearing people's stories and talking with them, I've learned so much about life experiences, and about what people have to live with," she says. "They have so much to offer, and it's such a great thing to see."

Forty hours of community service is compulsory for all Ontario high school students before graduation. But across the country, only five areas do the same—British Columbia and the Yukon (both 30 hours), and the Northwest Territories and Nunavut (25 hours). Newfoundland has introduced a pilot project among Grade 10 students mandating that they complete 30 hours of community service in order to graduate. This year, 45 of 130 high schools are participating, and in 2006 the requirement will be province-wide.

A recent study by the Catholic University of America in Washington, however, shows that forcing students to volunteer is in their best interests, and leads to more civic minded, socially active adults. "If it's a good program," says James Youniss, who studied Boston high school students between 2000 and 2002, "and they're getting something meaningful out of it, then it's irrelevant if students were forced to do it."

And students almost always have a meaningful experience, says Bill Conconi, executive director of the Canadian Association of Student Activity Advisors, which promotes high school leadership programs. "Most kids have enjoyed the experience because even though it's compulsory, where they do it and how they do it is voluntary. There are all sorts of places to get experience." Whether students choose to entertain at a seniors' residence, serve as lifeguards at the local pool, or job shadow a veterinarian, the benefits are the same. "It's a way of providing links to the larger community," says Helen Raham, research director for the Ottawa-based Society for the Advancement of Excellence in Education. "It should be a win-win, whereby the community benefits, and the student gains a lot of insight, empathy and skills."

In most cases, students also gain work experience. "Even from Day 1 it's not much different than if they were applying for a paid job," says Leshe Sheriff, volunteer resources coordinator at Princess Margaret lodge, adding that the students must comport themselves as if they were paid workers.

So with this many benefits to be gained from mandatory volunteerism, why aren't other jurisdictions introducing it? Forced volunteerism, some provinces say, requires resources most schools lack, and is contrary to the spirit of community service. And, notes Conconi, schools and volunteer organizations often worry about liability. "There is a certain concern that you're accepting some responsibilities that you may not want to have. It may be difficult to get good placements, and to make sure that [students] are put in a safe environment." Raham notes that an unwilling volunteer can be more hindrance than help to an organization. "I think the challenge is to find an area where the student is interested in volunteering. And that takes counselling, staff facilities to make those liaisons, and partnerships. Schools say they haven't got the resources."

With little Canadian cost-benefit research about mandatory community service, says Raham, few education ministries feel compelled to take on the added work. "On the face of it, this seems like a useful direction to go. But research would be helpful to support the general belief."

For Rajendran, though, there's no question about the value of compulsory volunteerism. "If it wasn't required I don't know if I would be doing this," she says. "I don't think a lot of people would be." M



WHERE THEY CAN HELP While volunteering is mandatory for many high school students in Canada, they choose which service to do. The most common placements involve helping the homeless, sick or elderly, organizing school events, and job-shadowing (especially veterinarians).





PROPONENTS OF IN VITRO-CULTURED meat point to conventional farming's shortcomings

Coming right up: One test-tube T-bone

BY DANYLO HAWALESHKA The dinner table was set formally for the featured meal: frog muscle cells grown in petri dishes that had been fashioned into two bioengineered "steaks." Guests were invited to share the coin-sized medallions of jiggly flesh marinated in calvados and fried in garlic and honey. Honours for the unusual dish went to "chef" Oron Catts, artistic director of SymbioticA, a laboratory that explores science through art at the University of Western Australia in Perth. The occasion was an installation titled Disembodied Cuisine, presented in 2003 at L'Art Biotech, an international exhibit in Nantes, France. The art project's objective was to explore "victimless meat consumption," a.k.a. "steaks for non-killers." (At the petri-dish meal, two terrariums with frogs whose lives had been symbolically spared sat off to the side.)

The project was also trying to probe "the apparent uneasiness people feel when someone messes with their food." Imagine how consumers will feel when they realize this isn't just the realm of art projects, and that food scientists are currently studying ways to replace the chickens, pigs and cows on our dinner plates with artificial meat grown in industrial-sized fermentation vats.

Proponents of in vitro-cultured meat production are quick to point to conventional farming's shortcomings. Animals crammed together, they note, incubate diseases such as avian flu and mad cow, both human health threats. Then there's the environmental question of what to do with all that effluent from livestock, as well as issues of animal cruelty. While the test-tube pork chop is perhaps 15 years in the future, in vitro-processed meat for chicken nuggets, hot dogs, sausages or hamburgers is well within reach, says Jason Matheny, an agricultural policy scientist at the University of Maryland. "Most people don't care enough about where their meat comes from or how it's ultimately produced," he says. "What they want is something that is healthy, tastes good and is relatively cheap."

Matheny envisions meat factories housing 10,000-litre tanks with built-in stirrers. Muscle cells would likely have to be sprayed onto plastic sheets (they require something to latch onto, otherwise they will not multiply), which would then be lowered into so-called bioreactors filled with, perhaps, a mushroom- or soybean-based nutrient broth. There, the cells would feed, divide in two, and repeat the process until harvested.

Some of the most advanced work in this area is being conducted in the Netherlands by Henk Haagsman, professor of meat science at Utrecht University. Together with researchers at Eindhoven University of Technology and the University of Amsterdam, Haagsman wants to prove, within four years, that it is indeed possible to grow industrial quantities of porcine cells destined for our grocery shelves. Work started last April, with more than $6 million in funding provided by, among others, Holland's department of economic affairs and Dutch sausage maker Stegeman, a division of Chicago-based Sara Lee Corp. Any consumer reluctance, says Haagsman, can be overcome by a frank public airing of the issue's pros and cons. "There was a lot of opposition to genetically modified plant foods," he says. "Now, people just eat them."

When Paul Kosnik, vice-president of engineering at Tissue Genesis Inc. in Honolulu, was at the University of Michigan in the late 1990s, he co-invented what he describes as today's leading technique for growing muscle tissue. Kosnik thinks the Dutch effort at culturing meat has a good chance of succeeding, but that the method will be prohibitively expensive and may initially only be used in space travel. "Cows turn grass and water into meat extremely efficiently," Kosnik says. "We operate at only a very small fraction of the efficiency at which nature does."

'There was a lot of opposition to genetically modified plant foods. 'Now, people just eat them.'

Nature, for the moment, also still tastes better. In Catts's art experiment, the fibrous material on which the frog cells had been grown did not biodegrade as expected. Catts says he wasn't surprised that some people spat out their "steak." "The end result," he says, "was eating something more like jelly on fabric." M

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PHOTO BY BRIAN HOWELL

'RIDDLED, ADDLED, SADDLED WITH GUILT' is how the judge described his breakdown. He was caught with a handgun and fake badge

HERO TO HARD TIME

Once redeemed, Glenn Flett is back in prison

BY KEN MACQUEEN You couldn't have wished for more stimulating dinner companions. The group gathered four years ago around the dining room table at the Mission, B.C., home of Glenn Flett, his wife, Sherry Edmunds-Flett, and their young daughter Victoria, included a kidnapper, a female bank robber turned business student, and two convicted killers. The talk was about the difficulties of life after prison—a subject about which Glenn Flett was painfully expert. He'd spent 23 years in jail for a series of crimes, culminating in 1978 with the shooting death of a Hudson's Bay store manager during a holdup in Toronto. Long story short: he found God in prison, as well as Sherry, then teaching adult education. He was paroled in 1992, and the Fletts founded Long-term Inmates Now in the Community (LINC), a non-profit society that has earned a large degree of credibility. Flett poured his energy and emotion—perhaps too much of both—into reintegrating hard-core cons back into society. He became as inspiring a story of redemption as the Canadian correctional system has produced.

But prison leaves its scars and tattoos, and bleak neighbourhoods of the mind where it's dangerous to wander alone. Today, at 55 and after 13 years of freedom, Flett is back in jail after pleading guilty to carrying a restricted handgun. He was arrested April 12, stopped by police near Merritt, B.C., for driving erratically. He was headed home after testifying as a Crown witness in the preliminary hearing of Eric Fish, a man LINC had recommended for parole, only to have him flee his halfway house in Vernon, B.C. While at large, Fish was charged with first-degree murder in the death of a 75-year-old man. Police found Flett stoned on a cocktail of prescription drugs and pot. "I was a pretty sick guy," he told *Maclean's* in his first interview since his arrest.

Flett was carrying a loaded 9-mm semi-automatic pistol hidden in a shoulder holster under his jacket, some replica guns, a fold-out knife and a fake police badge. He was "a time bomb ticking that particular day and in the time leading up to it," said provincial court Justice Ronald Caryer, who sentenced him in August to one year in jail. The jail term, the minimum he could give, was delivered more in sorrow than anger. Flett had given more than most back to his community, Caryer said. "He is riddled, addled and saddled with guilt, some of which he should be, some of which he is carrying when he shouldn't."

Over the phone from Kwikwèxwelhp Healing Village, a minimum security federal prison in the Fraser Valley, Flett says it's time to atone "for the trust I have breached." It's a long list: friends, the community, Sherry, both as his spouse and in her role as executive director of LINC. Above all, Victoria. "It devastated her," he says, choking back a sob. Sherry tells the story of Victoria confronting Flett the week of his trial. "She looked at him and said, 'Daddy, you broke your promise. You told me you'd never go back to jail.'" He cried. She cried. But, says Sherry, "he needs to be accountable."

The story Flett tells, one the judge accepted, was of an emotional breakdown, fuelled by stress, personal loss and the corrosive nature of his work. He began to ignore the successes and obsess over the failures: a man he helped spring from a segregation unit who was murdered in a prison riot, and Fish. Flett was sliding off the rails, smoking pot, and spaced out by antidepressants and medication for anxiety. This March, his best friend, who was also Victoria's godfather, was killed by a train. Flett says he found the handgun while gathering his friend's effects. "I don't really know why I kept it."

For all his mistakes, Flett still believes in the power of rehabilitation. "Had I been who I was 25 years ago, there would have been a dead policeman up on the highway there." Flett is up for a parole hearing Nov. 23. He won't speculate on his chance of release. "I failed," he says, "and I need to be held accountable for that." What hasn't failed, he says with pride, is LINC. It carried on, despite the blow he gave its credibility. "LINC is a great idea," he says. "I don't believe that great ideas can be destroyed by one person." M

COLLAR OF THE WEEK

NABBING AN ARISTOCRAT OF DECEPTION

The courts have jailed a man in Britain who posed for 22 years as the Earl of Buckingham—for making a false application for a passport. He was sentenced to 21 months even though police can't ascertain who he really is. Even his Canadian-born ex-wife, Jody, never knew his identity. Apparently, no one ever checked *Debrett's Peerage*, a guide to British aristocrats. They would have learned that the Buckingham title has been extinct for 318 years.

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Bridging the bitter divide in Saskatoon

There's much rancour between natives and police. A theatre company is trying to make a difference.

STORY BY JOSEPH BOYDEN. PHOTOS BY CHRISTOPHER J. MORRIS

Curtis Ahenakew has every reason to be wary of police in the tough, heavily Aboriginal west end of Saskatoon. Some would say he has every reason to hate them. Ahenakew's experiences growing up as a teen in the 1980s were typical of those of many Cree, Saulteaux, Blood, Blackfoot or Metis youth. Constant police harassment. Friends drinking or doing drugs. Lots of native teens rotating in and out of youth detention facilities for mostly petty crimes. Too many broken families. Too much unemployment and depression.

For Ahenakew, like many native youths in Saskatoon, the cops weren't protectors or



LEARNING FORGIVENESS Ahenakew may have lost his best friend to a 'starlight tour'

defenders. They were too often the enemy. Don't get me wrong. Ahenakew was no angel. He drank his fair share of booze and smoked plenty of weed. He even did a few break and enters. But never anything too serious, in the scheme of things. Yet the police pulled him over, demanded to know where he was going, sometimes even taunting him to be a man and do something about it. He was thrown in the drunk tank, beat up by the cops, insulted. Plenty of reason to not like the authorities.

Or himself, for that matter. "It's like if you're treated enough like a criminal," Ahenakew says, "you begin to think you're one, even wanting to go there."

But the real reason Ahenakew might have every reason to mistrust the police doesn't have to do with him, but with his best friend, Lawrence Wegner, another Saskatoon Aboriginal. On Sun., Jan. 30, 2000, a brutally cold night, Wegner was last seen by three witnesses on 20th Street, in front of St. Paul's Hospital, being put into the back of a cruiser by two unknown policemen. He wore only a T-shirt, a pair of jeans, and socks. No shoes.

On Thurs., Feb. 3, Wegner was discovered, rock-frozen in the same clothes he'd been seen wearing days earlier. He was five kilometres from downtown. His socks had no holes. Clearly, he hadn't walked there without shoes. The coroner's office struggled for hours to remove him from the ice in which he lay. It took over three days for his body to thaw for post-mortem examination. Just over two years later, on Feb.

'If you're treated enough like a criminal, you begin to think you're one'

14, 2002, an inquest into his death decided that it was too suspicious to be ruled as accidental, but the jury, half white and half Aboriginal, was unwilling to declare it a homicide. That was the end of that.

What seems to have happened to Wegner, as well as to many other natives in the Saskatoon area, is called a "starlight tour." Despite the weather and the condition of the Aboriginals, police reportedly drove the "offenders" outside of the city and left them there. This practice, which many native people claim to have been the victims of or witnessed, is at the root of a very troubled relationship between cops and natives, so explosive at times that it's threatened to destroy Saskatoon. As recently as last week, Toronto Aboriginal actor Gregory Odjig, in Saskatoon to perform in a Saskatchewan Native Theatre Company



FROM BAD ASS TO ARTIST Machiskinic drank, smoked pot and even committed some B and Es with buddies, but now he's drawing, painting and making a name for himself as a DJ and MC

(SNTC) production, said he was a victim of racial profiling. While running back to his apartment from a convenience store where he'd bought some toilet paper, he was hit by a police car driven by officers looking for an assault suspect. They handcuffed him and detained him in his T-shirt in the cold night. Finally, he was released without an apology.

But despite such incidents, interviews on both sides of the divide have left me with the impression that a desire exists to build a bridge.

The Saskatchewan Native Theatre Company can be found in the heart of the inner city of Saskatoon, at the base of Riversdale. It's a sprawling two-storey place with a theatre, classrooms and a large basement for teaching set and costume design. The SNTC has become a hub for many in Saskatoon's large Aboriginal community, and it is becoming a place of interest for certain policemen as well.

Donna Heimbecker, SNTC's general manager, makes it clear that SNTC is more than your average theatre company. The place is a business, a training and drop-in centre, a home and family for kids who need one. "The ones who come through our door aren't youth at risk, but youth with potential," she declares. And clearly something's working, as everyone seems to agree, from the youth involved to Police Chief Russell Sabo to Aboriginal street gangs who feel threatened by what SNTC is teaching their possible inmates.

The heart of the SNTC is its youth program, Circle of Voices. It's no walk in the park. Young people are culled from the streets, group homes, reformatories and dysfunctional families. They must commit to an eight-month full-time program, and to "positive change." In regular terms, no booze or drugs. Students work their way through four components: basic performing arts training (set design, as well as writing and acting basics), life skills, career development, and culture. All of these are set against the backdrop of theatre. A recent production, *Love Songs from a War Drum*, featured 24 Circle of Voices actors. Sabo was so taken by the Romeo and Juliet meets Indian street gangs tale that he urged his officers to see it. Many did. "These productions open up dialogues between us," says Heimbecker.

SNTC was founded in 1999 by artistic director Kennetch Charlette along with prominent actors Tantoo Cardinal and Gordon Tootoosis. All Aboriginal. The list doesn't stop there. Andrea Menard, Maria Campbell, Drew Hayden Taylor and Tomson Highway, among others, have all been involved. Since 1999, 68 participants have completed the program. Many have gone on to complete Grade 12, some entering university. "Circle of Voices has an 85-per-cent retention rate among youth who join it," Heimbecker states—an extremely high number for any educational institution.

Look at Waylon Machiskinic, a 24-year-old Saulteaux. He's bright enough to have glided through school before stopping after after Grade 10. Machiskinic describes his relationships growing up as "isolated," spending some time with his mum, some time in foster homes, never knowing his dad. He was constantly harassed by police, who stopped him on the streets, demanding to know what he was up to. "Profiling," he says.

Yes, he drank and smoked pot. He even committed some B and Es with buddies. Machiskinic slowed down his drinking and smoking when a few blackouts scared him. A life half remembered was not the life he wanted. In 2003, Machiskinic came to SNTC. He's pursued his drawing and painting, as well as acting and music. He's also making a name for himself as a DJ and MC, writing his own rap lyrics. "Circle of Voices has opened a door," he says. "I've met other artists. With responsibility, I'm learning self-esteem." And then, almost shyly, Machiskinic shares with me that he has no police record that he knows of.

'We're not all rednecks,' said a cop, 'just as all of you aren't criminals'

Sabo, who's been chief for the past four years, has seen Saskatoon police fortunes at their bleakest. He took charge just after the firing of two officers for dropping off a native man on the outskirts of town in 2001. The release of the controversial Neil Stonechild inquiry findings in October 2004 resulted in the dismissal of two more officers. But Sabo has fought hard to improve relations. "He's a patron of our company and recognizes its focus on our community," says Heimbecker.

Sabo urges officers to join SNTC's youth talking circles. Many do. Kennetch Charlette describes one session involving two officers. The Stonechild case came up. Harsh words were exchanged. "But tension isn't always a bad thing," says Kennetch. One policemen became a bit incensed at being painted with a broad brush. "We're not all rednecks," he said. "Just as all of you aren't criminals." The circle calmed when that insight sunk in.

On the Aboriginal side, John Lagimodiere, editor of *Eagle Feather News*, a leading voice in native-police relations, is helping educate cops. He's a key member of the Cultural Di-



LIMELIGHT, NOT SEARCHLIGHTS The Saskatchewan Native Theatre Company in rehearsal with Charlette (centre)—a welcoming hub for many in Saskatoon's large Aboriginal community

versity Training Course, which Sabo requires all police and police staff to participate in. Two of the three days are focused on such native issues as the ongoing effects of residential schools and the lot of today's Aboriginal youth. All officers have now completed the seminar, and by December, all civilian staff will have as well.

"Slowly, I'm seeing change," Lagimodiere

says. "It wasn't so long ago that natives were being pulled over constantly for 'DWI'—Driving While Indian. I'm sure it still happens, but the first step is trying to build trust in the community." And that begins with education. "An officer with 28 years' experience came up to me at a public event and told me that his mindset had changed once he got to understand the other side."

And what is the police service doing to help build the bridge? If Aboriginal recruiting officer Craig Nyirfa and Alyson Edwards are any reflection, a lot. Nyirfa believes new Aboriginal officers will serve as role models. But finding recruits takes time, he notes, and the community must be patient. Nyirfa speaks of recent changes. It used to cost $300 to $400 for someone interested in becoming a police officer just to see if he or she was mentally and physically fit enough to try out. "We've implemented a program where potential recruits don't have those economic barriers anymore," he says. As well, the police now have two Aboriginal liaison officers. Edwards, the police service's communications manager, tells me of youth circles initiated by the Saskatoon Tribal Council and involving the police service, young offenders and their victims. She also talks of nine- and 13-week programs at the University of Saskatchewan and First Nations University of Canada introducing Aboriginal students to the world of policing.

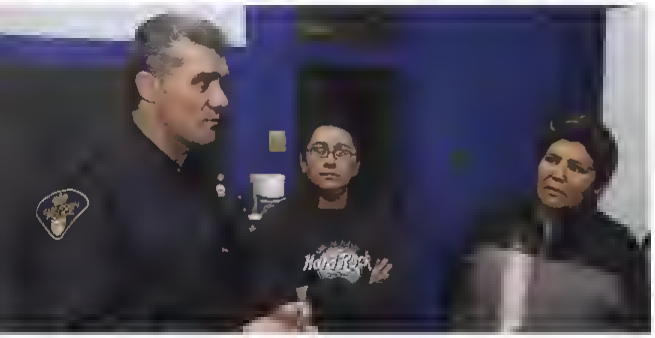
There are those who argue that the police are the real victims

This doesn't sound like the Saskatoon of a few years ago. But is a bridge truly being built? Many police deny that starlight tours ever existed. Many are outspoken in their unhappiness with Sabo. And many deny they are the bogeymen the media have made them out to be. In fact, you will find those who argue that the police are the victims.

According to Sgt. Stan Goertzen, president of the Saskatoon City Police Association and a 25-year veteran, the bridge already exists and goes back two previous police chiefs, maybe even further. Goertzen makes it clear that the two officers fired in 2000 were charged and given access to due process. But the two officers fired in 2004 were dismissed without being charged with anything. The union supports their right to be presumed innocent until proven otherwise. And many officers question certain versions of events disclosed in the Stonechild inquiry.

Goertzen admits police morale is not good. He stresses that anyone who's arrested is probably going to be unhappy. "But that person," Goertzen says, "will be treated with respect and with professionalism, and that's always been the case. If you are an Aboriginal in Saskatoon, you should base your opinion about the police by how you've actually been treated by them. We're not at loggerheads with the Aboriginal community."

The sad irony of the recent Odjig incident is that he was in Saskatoon to perform at the SNTC, which is trying so hard to improve police-native relations. Odjig recalls saying to police after they freed him, "Can I at least have my toilet paper back—you scared the shit out of me." (He did get it.) Last week the SNTC held a press conference to express its support for Odjig, who has made a formal complaint to police. During the conference, SNTC board member and native criminal lawyer Michelle LeClair-Harding said "it's about due process—how a subject is approached, questioned and treated, Aboriginal or not. It's about respect and feeling safe in this community."



VALUE OF DIVERSITY Nyirfa believes Aboriginal officers will serve as crucial role models



THEATRE PLUS Heimbecker says SNTC kids 'aren't youth at risk, but youth with potential'

Remember Curtis Ahenakew? He's had his fair share of self-imposed trouble. He's had his fair share of unjustified abuse at the hands of the law. And don't forget how his best friend froze to death in 2000. "No, I don't hate cops," Ahenakew says emphatically. "Back in 1989 I was asked to become a cop. I was sober for three years at that point [it has now been 18 years], was running track at university. I was asked by a recruiter to join. Couldn't do it. I was still too angry. I imagined that if I was a cop all I'd want to do is beat up white guys."

Ahenakew tells me he's found a new path. He's learning to forgive. And he's moved to Vancouver, where he is an actor. Ironically, he's played a corrections guard on *DaVinci's Inquest* and, more recently, a plainclothes detective on *DaVinci's City Hall*. Asked how problems in Saskatoon might be solved, he replies: "I encourage young native men and women to get involved with police, and even to join the police force."

It's difficult for most of us to truly imagine the life of an Indian or a cop in west Saskatoon. It's also too easy to believe all has been healed. Racial profiling remains a regular and, some argue, necessary occurrence. Native gangs are a potentially devastating problem. Many Aboriginals continue to distrust police, and vice versa. On colder nights, some natives drive to the outskirts of town, looking for stranded friends and strangers. More Aboriginals now carry cameras with them.

Still, in the recent years, an Aboriginals and an embattled police force are trying to communicate and understand each other. What gives hope, and what amazes, is this: the native community of Saskatoon, over and over, is willing to forgive and to move forward. And the Saskatoon Police Service truly seems to be trying to move forward with it. M



FRIENDLY REVIVAL ENDS IN ANIMOSITY

Bill Wallace, bassist for the Guess Who, is suing his fellow band members for $97,000 he says he's owed for the band's revival tour in 2000. He claims the band's manager, Lorne Saifer, told him a form he was signing for an appearance in a TV special was "just a formality." Now he says it was really a buyout for all his rights connected with the special. Says Wallace's lawyer, "When you trust friends you don't always look at the fine print."

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THE ICONOGRAPHY of the Vespa includes the movie *Quadrophenia*, released in 1979

SO VERY VESPA

Get on a motorcycle? Puh-lease. These Vespa owners would be too embarrassed. They're driving 'culture.'

BY KAYE FILLION One night last week, some Vespa-owning members of the Toronto Scooter Collective gathered at a restaurant in Kensington Market, an area whose raffish edges have been smoothed considerably by the city's real estate boom. It was an unseasonably warm evening and many arrived on their scooters, pausing to get a good look at the other Vespas parked on the street before going inside.

Members of the collective take matters of style seriously: the preferred female look is pretty-in-black, the male aesthetic is strictly metrosexual. And they value the Vespa almost as much for its sleek lines as for the fact that it can zip in and out of city traffic. "I did my driver's test on a Honda Rebel, and I have to admit, I loved it," confided Lisa Santonato, a 32-year-old video artist. "But I could never own it. I'd be too embarrassed. It'd be like wearing the wrong dress."

The men nodded exactly! "The Vespa is the ultimate lifestyle statement," said Alix Morreale, whose entire back is covered with an India-ink tattoo of a scene from *Roman Holiday*: Audrey Hepburn, "the most famous girl on a scooter ever," on a meticulously detailed Vespa. "It's taken 35 hours so far," said Morreale, 29, tugging down his shirt. "I still have to get the piazza and the Spanish Steps finished."

Developed in 1946 as a cheap and practical vehicle for the crumbling roads of postwar Italy, the Vespa quickly became a symbol of European urban chic—and something of a cult classic in Canada, where, until last year, only vintage models were imported, as new ones didn't meet emission standards.

It's 'the ultimate lifestyle statement,' says the man with a scene from *Roman Holiday* tattooed on his back

Over the years, North American Vespa owners have come to see themselves as style leaders, and other two-wheelers as followers. "Motorcycles all look the same, they're not practical for the city, and people drive them like idiots. You get a motorcycle to be one of the crowd," said Randy Byers, a 36-year-old ad man with handmade jeans and more than a passing resemblance to *Friends* star Matthew Perry. "You get a scooter to customize it, make it your own. Everyone's Vespa is different."

"It's wearable, workable art," another man chimed in, between bites of edamame.

"The iconography of the Vespa ranges from *La Dolce Vita* to *Quadrophenia* and the Mods," Byers continued. "You have to learn the music, the clothing—it's a whole subculture."

An endangered one these days, as the Vespa becomes more mainstream. In 2004, Canadian Scooter Corp. began importing new, more environmentally friendly models; in the past 18 months, 30 dealerships have opened across the country. As the price of gas has climbed, so have sales—particularly in Quebec, where 14-year-olds are legally entitled to drive 50-cc scooters. Membership is booming in Canadian Vespa clubs, as is attendance at scooter rallies, which involve taking to the open road en masse, horns "quacking like a flock of ducks," as Santonato put it.

Members of the Toronto collective expressed a little nostalgia for the days when the Vespa was not pegged as a sensible vehicle with mass appeal. They enjoy going to the gas station and filling up for $5, and are delighted by a new Toronto bylaw decreeing free parking everywhere for scooters and motorcycles. "But I did not buy my Vespa for practical reasons," Byers wanted it known. And in truth, it's not all that practical in Canada. Although on one Vespa website there's an ongoing discussion about riding in low temperatures, most Canadian owners pack their scooters away right about now and turn to more proletarian forms of transport.

As the meeting broke up—"We're aging scenesters, can't stay out that late on a week night," someone said—Santonato pulled on her helmet, size xxs, and hung her purse on the bag hook beneath the seat of her new silver Vespa. "You have to be a bit of a thrill-seeker to do this," she said, revving her engine, which was considerably quieter than anyone else's.

"Girls look really hot on a new Vespa," noted Byers, "though I think Lisa should get rid of her side mirrors. They're not cool." Then he climbed onto his vintage scooter and roared off into the night. M



RIO, WHERE CYCLISTS TAKE THE BUS

Rio de Janeiro's scenery is splendid, but exercisers who use stationary bicycles often wouldn't trade up to real road bicycles because of the Brazilian city's traffic and pollution. Now "Bus Bike" offers 45-minute spinning classes in a bus fitted with 16 exercise bikes, a changing room, a fridge and a sound system. The bus cruises around the city, allowing riders to enjoy the views without inhaling all that nasty fresh air.

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TWEEN MODERN

Decorators have demanding new clients—aged 12

BY REBECCA ECKLER Nicole King knows exactly how she wants her new bedroom to look and has explained it all to her interior designer. She's thinking restaurant/garage theme—"stainless steel everything," black and white tiles, and 36 black and white photos of Marilyn Monroe on the walls. In her "Coca Cola theme" washroom, she wants mustard and ketchup bottles for her shampoo and conditioner. Nicole is 15. "My friends will come up to my room to hang out, so decorating it means a lot to me. I'm not really into the 'let's-talk-to-my-parents' stage," she says. Nicole's sister, Janelle, 13, has also met with the interior designer for her new bedroom. "I don't really have a theme," she says, "but it's going to be black and green and baby blue and cream colours. It's pretty sophisticated."

So much for a time when redoing a teenager's bedroom meant a fresh coat of paint and new sheets. Thanks to design shows like *Trading Spaces* and *MTV Cribs*, celebrities like Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen, who have their own line of teen furnishings, and stores like Nestings Kids, which has its own teen floor ("The Pod") in the Toronto location, teenagers have become remarkably design savvy. Many are asking for their own interior designers, and many parents are happy to comply. Sally Healy, of Sally Healy Design in Calgary, is the interior designer for the King family's new house being built just outside Calgary. She charges $115 an hour. She says her teenage clients—and it's an expanding list—know exactly what they want.

"I just came back from meeting a 12-year-old and, oh, the fighting!" she says. "My teenage clients don't want their bedrooms to look like bedrooms. They want them to look like lounges. I swear, all my clients who are 14 and up, you could have a cocktail in their room. They want to entertain in there. And they don't copy anyone else. They take elements of things they see in magazines or from the Internet and they reinterpret it."

Hal Eisen, the co-host of *Design Match* and the associate production designer on HGTV's *Designer Guys*, also runs his own design firm. He's "not at all surprised" about how much teens know. "They are totally connected. I met with this one girl, who was 13, who said, 'I want a red wall.' I asked her why, and she answered, 'Well, it's my favourite colour, but it also brings warmth and vitality to the room,'" he says. "And you know what? She's totally right."

Like Healy, Eisen will sit down with the teens alone and then meet with the parents afterwards. "You say, 'These are the ideas I've got from your kid, but how far do you want to let them go?' Their ideas could be very spectacular, but also very costly." Janelle and Nicole say their parents have given them free range. "They don't really care as long as we like it," says Nicole. Her father may hate glass tile, she says, but she's getting it in her bathroom.

Working for teenage clients, Healy has done copper walls, ordered furniture from overseas, had furnishings custom made, and even designed "hair stations" in washrooms, where girls can do their hair and makeup. She won't divulge how much she's spending on the King teenagers' rooms, but says the tiles in Nicole's bathroom alone will cost in the thousands. Monica Turk, of Monica Turk Design in Toronto, recently did a 17-year-old's room. It ended up costing $30,000. "And that was just her room. We didn't do the bathroom," she says.

Most of the teens she works with want modern designs. "They don't want anything frou-frou. They definitely have their opinions." Turk's 14-year old son, who is in the process of designing his own room, is a case in point. "He's ridiculous picky. He needs leather chairs, woven walls, two free-standing armoires, and a Japanese-style bed. He stayed up one night until 11:30 p.m. planning it," she says.

Meredith Heron, of Red Heron Essentials in Toronto, and co-host of *Design Match*, sees a lot of teens in her store. "I'm always trying to calm them down. They're definitely more adventurous and willing to use colour. I met a teenager who wanted black and white stripes across her wall and I had to ask, 'Do you want your room to look like a zebra or a jail? What's your goal?' Occasionally, I'll win," she says.

"They are constantly surprising me," says Sally Healy. "I could sit there all day and not dream up what they come up with, like the mustard and ketchup bottle idea Nicole had. Isn't that clever?" M





'THEY DEFINITELY HAVE their opinions,' says designer Monica Turk, who worked on this bedroom. Blame it on Mary-Kate (top right) and Ashley Olsen, with their line of teen furnishings.



THIEF TOOK CAR, HALF-BROTHER TOOK HOUSE

David Woods of Port Perry, Ont., lost his right to his parents' home recently when his estranged half-brother told an Ontario court that a condition in their father's will prevented Woods from inheriting the house if he committed a crime before he was 21. The will had been written when David was 2. He was due to inherit the house following his mother's death last year, but because he stole a car when he was 17 and spent time in jail, he forfeits that right.



'I DON'T PLAN ON PLAYING A GIRL ADDICTED TEX AGAIN ANYTIME SOON. THAT COULD SORT OF SCREW ME.' —ACTRESS LAUREN LEE SMITH, STAF THE UPCOMING MOVIE, LIE WITH ME

1. DON'T BE FOOLED—THIS ISN'T A SWEET OLD LADY

New Quebec City Mayor **ANDRÉE BOUCHER** is a cross between a stingy grandma and the schoolmarm from hell

An obsessive micromanager and a blunt-spoken motormouth, she can also hold a grudge the 68-year-old has yet to get over the fact that her former suburban realm, Sainte-Foy, was forcibly merged into metropolitan Quebec City a few years ago

Boucher—who has said that she opposes public housing, as well as creating new bike paths—spent less than $5,000 on her campaign, shunned placards and billboards, and participated in only a few public debates with her opponents

In spite of that, she won the Nov 6 race by a whopping 24,000 votes—defeating former provincial justice minister **Marc Bellemare** and one-time president of the Quebec City transit authority, **Claude Larose** In post-Gomery Quebec, it seems, citizens have become wary of suits, and slick politicians

2. AND ANOTHER THING—IT RAINS ALL THE TIME

London journalist **A.A. GILL** takes some serious swipes at his adopted English countrymen in his new book, *The Angry Island: Hunting the English* (in Canada next month).

The 51-year-old Scot accuses the English of being chronically surly and terrible drunks Gill, a *Sunday Times* columnist and a recovering alcoholic himself, also deems English humour to be quite racist and describes the people as "angry bullies" with a very strange obsession for queuing

"The pursed lip and the muttered expletives, the furious glance and the beetled brow are England's national costume," writes Gill in *The Angry Island* "A simmering, unfocused lurking anger is the collective cross England bears with ill grace I can see it in English faces, in the dumb semaphore of their bodies It's how they stand and fold their arms and wait in queues It's why they can't dance or relax."

3. AT THAT PRICE, HE BETTER BE WORTH IT

When Japan's **PRINCESS SAYAKO** marries Tokyo urban planner **Yoshiki Kuroda** this week, she will no longer be considered Emperor **Akihito**'s daughter The 36-year-old will lose her title, royal income and public duties She will also trade her servant-rich home at the palace for her husband's 650-sq-foot apartment, complete with mother-in-law

The government gave her a gift of $1.5 million, but that won't go far in expensive Japan, and her 40 year-old husband pulls in just $73,000 a year. Though Sayako can cook, she reportedly has never been to a grocery store. And the girl doesn't even get a grand royal send off Her wedding will be at a hotel, with little royal pomp

No word on honeymoon plans.

4. DOES ANYONE KNOW HOW TO DO THE BERTUZZI?

ERIC HOLMQUIST is a part-time Elvis impersonator, frontman for a country-rock band, Heavy Eric and the Light Weights, and former logger sport champ But the 45-year-old has earned his greatest notoriety by writing songs about his beloved Vancouver Canucks (he's written about a dozen hockey tunes that get airtime on local radio and during home games at General Motors Place) Later this month, he's releasing *You Rock Jovo-Cop*—about defenceman **Ed Jovanovski**.

Holmquist, who works out of a small eight-track studio in his Coquitlam, B C , cabin, doesn't make any money from the team. In fact, a couple of years ago he gave up the season tickets he'd had since the NHL franchise made its debut in 1970 to free up some cash for recording (each song costs about $500 to produce).

One of his best-known tunes, *It's Called the Todd Bertuzzi*, has even been turned into a downloadable ring tone "It doesn't work with the type of cellphone I have," laughs Holmquist "But that's okay, it would probably drive me nuts."

5. LATIN MACHISMO AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE

With the support of 46 per cent of Chileans, **MICHELLE BACHELET** seems set to become the first woman elected president of a large South American state (election day is Dec. 11) Turns out this feminista is used to breaking barriers

The 54-year-old pediatrician and former defence minister—whose victoey would extend the 15-year rule of the centre-left Concertacion coalition—is a single mother of three, from two separate fathers, seen by some as brazen in one of Latin America's most conservative nations (divorce was made legal in Chile less than a year ago).

What's more, the country's overwhelmingly Catholic population seems content to ignore her very public indifference to organized religion To Chileans, Bachelet—once beaten and jailed by officers of Augusto Pinochet's military dictatorship—is a symbol of change

6. IF SEX SELLS, LIE WITH ME SHOULD MAKE A FORTUNE

LAUREN LEE SMITH didn't need much of a wardrobe for her film debut, *Lie With Me* (in theatres Nov. 18). Her character Leila spends a lot of the movie naked and having remarkably realistic-looking big-screen sex—often with David, played by Eric Balfour.

"I don't plan on playing a girl addicted to sex again anytime soon," says Smith, 25, when asked if she's worried about being typecast "That could sort of screw me."

Director **Clement Virgo**—who adapted the film from the erotic novel written by his wife, **Tamara Faith Berger**—straddles the fine line between art and porn. Smith says having a small crew on set made the intensely intimate moments easier only Smith, Balfour, Virgo and a camera and soundman were there when the most explicit scenes were shot.

"The camera guy was literally in bed with us," says Smith "It was sort of like a threesome."

7. & 8. WORKER DRONE HUSBAND JOINS QUEEN BEE

Daily Show correspondent **SAMANTHA BEE** enjoys having the upper hand over her husband **JASON JONES**, who recently started working on **Jon Stewart**'s fake news show, albeit part-time "Since he's just a freelancer," mocks Bee "Jason doesn't get an office like I do."

But Jones, the Hamilton-born actor who recently played the maniacal host on HGTV's *Craft Corner Deathmatch*, could find himself with a more permanent gig when his wife goes on maternity leave (Bee is expecting the couple's first child, a girl, on Jan 1).

"We really want to have the first baby of the year," says Bee, who jumped from the Toronto comedy scene to the Emmy Award-winning show in 2003 "But we're the most ill-prepared parents We haven't even read a book about it. We're just hoping baby instincts kick in."

Have they at least settled on a name? "We want to meet the baby before we make any decisions," says Bee. "I wouldn't pre-name a puppy." M

FROM FAR LEFT: CP; GETTY IMAGES; AP; COURTESY OF HEAVY ERIC; GETTY IMAGES; WIREIMAGE.CTV; ALLIANCE ATLANTIS

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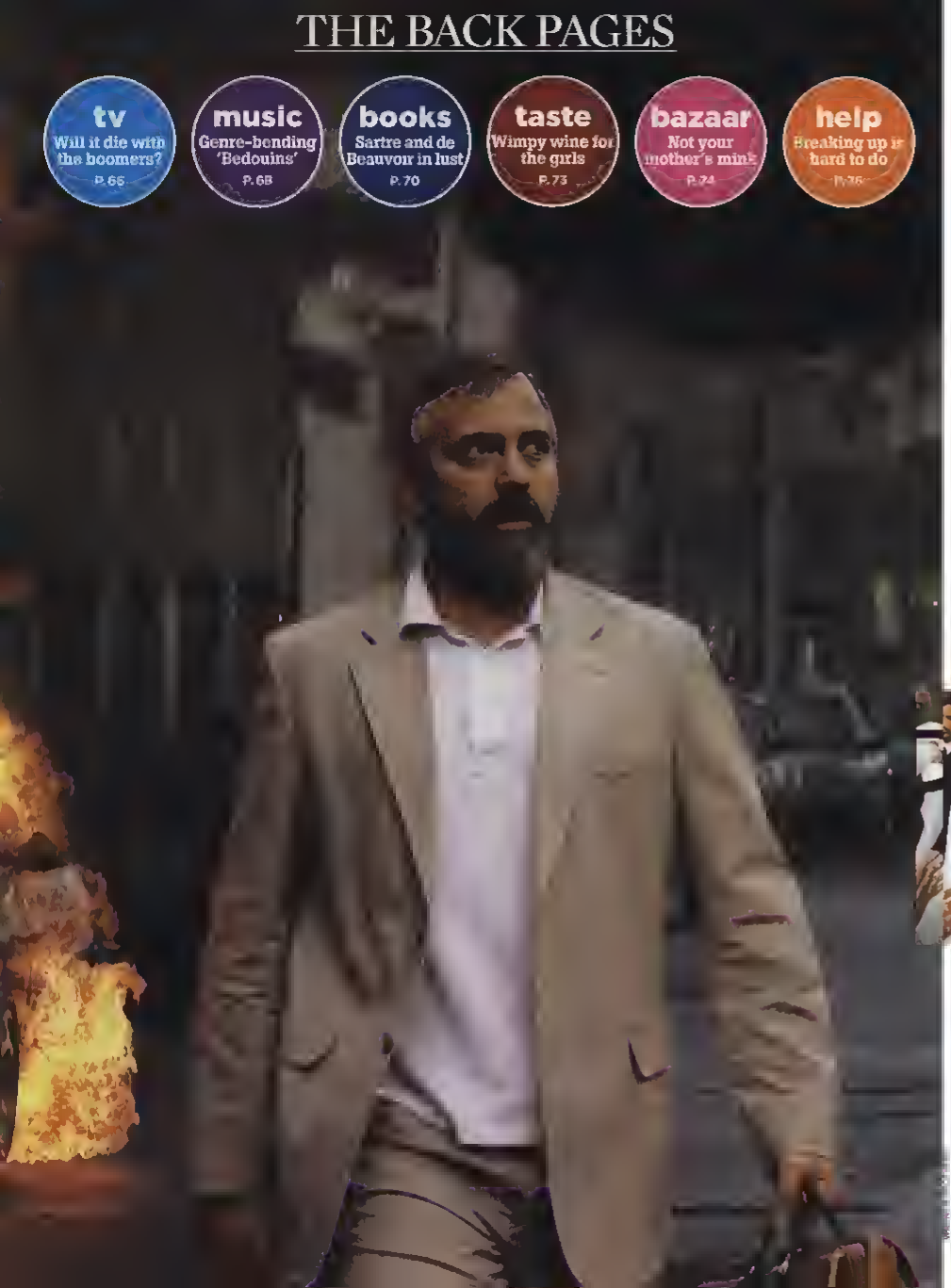
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George Clooney, once considered a lightweight pretty boy, is beginning to look like the new Warren Beatty. Actor, producer, director and activist, he has emerged as the most forceful liberal voice in Hollywood.

CLOONEY TO THE RESCUE

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

He's barely recognizable. His face is hidden by a heavy, unkempt beard. The bedroom eyes, once compared to quicksand by a giddy female journalist, appear sad and strained. His frame is dragged down by an extra 35 lb. of bulk, and he walks with the tired gait of a man who looks like he's courting a heart attack. This is George Clooney playing a secret agent with a licence to kill. But he doesn't look one bit like James Bond.

He doesn't even look like George Clooney. In *Syriana*, Hollywood's most eligible bachelor erases his glamour and melts into an ensemble cast—as a cog in a political thriller about a corrupt oil industry greasing American aggression in the Persian Gulf. George has never been less himself. He doesn't smile. He speaks Arabic and Farsi. And he endures a horrific torture scene that has left him, in real life, with a painful spinal injury.

He takes one for the team.

Syriana, which Clooney helped produce, may be the most audacious movie ever released by a Hollywood studio at a time of war: it traces the roots of Arab terrorism in the deserts of the Gulf back to the cold corridors of power in the heart of the American empire. This is one American movie where the terrorists are not the bad guys. In fact, teenage suicide bombers are portrayed more sympathetically than Washington bureaucrats. The film arrives on the heels of *Good Night, And Good Luck*, which Clooney directed and co-wrote—a portrait of anti-McCarthyite CBS anchor Edward R. Murrow that plays as a cautionary tale of American civil liberties under siege. Neither movie is a blockbuster, but both have Oscar potential. Amid the atomized dissent of America's culture war, these films play like contemporary equivalents of '60s protest songs. And with their combined heft, the actor who found fame as a dreamboat doctor on *E.R.* has emerged as the most forceful liberal voice in Hollywood.





AUDACIOUS *Syriana* portrays suicide bombers more sympathetically than D.C. bureaucrats

You could say George Clooney is the new Warren Beatty. There are striking parallels between these two debonair Democrats. They're both actors who proved they were more than pretty faces by producing and directing their own movies. They forged reputations as serious party boys before getting serious about party politics. And they comport themselves like unelected politicians, ready to rumble with conservatives. Beatty makes a campus speech berating California Gov. Arnold Schwarzenegger; Clooney has a public brawl with right-wing pundit Bill O'Reilly. Unlike Beatty, Clooney has not threatened to run for office. But he's only 44. And director David O. Russell, who almost came to blows with him on the set of *Three Kings* (another tale of American misadventure in the Persian Gulf) unleashed this bitter diatribe in *Vanity Fair*: "He's a super-political, extremely manipulative guy, and he's not an artist. I think George is super-invested in making himself look like a good guy all the time. I think George will be president."

Well, who knows? Maybe the Democrats could use a candidate who (like Ronald Reagan and George W. Bush) doesn't appear to be smarter than the average voter. It should be noted, however, that the reason Russell was so angry with Clooney is that the actor had berated him for screaming at the crew members. "My job," said Clooney, "was to humiliate the people who were doing the humiliating."

Born in Kentucky, Clooney grew up with a first-hand taste of both celebrity and politics—his aunt was singer Rosemary Clooney and his Democrat father, Nick Clooney, a former TV anchor, made an unsuccessful bid for Congress last year. Yet Clooney doesn't display Beatty's sense of entitlement. His suave charm is undercut by a self-deprecating candour. Beatty, whose ego is legendary, has always cast himself as the star of his own movies, from *Reds* to *Bulworth*. But in his two directorial efforts, *Good Night* and *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind*, Clooney stepped aside and handed the

lead roles to character actors.

He's not a one-man show. With director Steven Soderbergh, Clooney is part of a Hollywood New Wave that's intent on wielding studio clout to subvert both the substance and style of American movies. Soderbergh first dignified Clooney's career by casting him in *Out of Sight* (1998). And in 2000, they formed a production company at Warner Bros. called Section Eight. They've worked on seven films together—from pop hits like *Ocean's Eleven* and *Ocean's Twelve* to art-house flops like *Solaris* and *Dangerous Mind*. And a social conscience has begun to emerge. Their last two projects, *Good Night* and *Syriana*, were backed by eBay pioneer Jeffrey Skoll, a Canadian who says he supports movies that are trying to "bring about social change."

Good Night was a small film made almost entirely on a single set. But *Syriana*, which cost US$50 million, is an epic shot on three continents, in locations ranging from Casablanca to Dubai. It was scripted and directed by Oscar-winning screenwriter Stephen Gaghan, who wrote Soderbergh's *Traffic*. And although *Syriana* is an original story, it was "suggested" by former CIA agent Robert Baer's 2002 memoir, *See No Evil: The True Story of a Ground Soldier in the CIA's War on Terrorism*.



SABOTAGE Baer's book on how Washington undercut the CIA is the basis for *Syriana*

Essentially, *Syriana* does for the war on terror what *Traffic* did for the war on drugs. Both, says Gaghan, are "wars against an abstraction." And he first noticed a parallel between them when he met with high-level Pentagon officials while researching *Traffic*. "At that time," he told *Maclean's*, "the counter-narcotics and counterterrorism bureau were the same guy. I started thinking our biggest addiction is how we're hooked on foreign oil. It's like drugs. You're sitting with the dealer, and you're not questioning him about his personal life, commenting on the malnourished children who are sitting in front of the cartoon network while there's a handgun on the table. You take a moral asterisk. It's the same with oil. Who cares what's going on, as long as the good stuff keeps flowing."

Baer took Gaghan on a tour of the Middle East, where he'd worked as an agent for 21 years. He introduced him to CIA operatives, arms dealers and Islamic militants. When Clooney offered to play Bob, the character loosely based on Baer, Gaghan had his doubts. "Baer could blend into every situation," he says. "You don't go to movie stars for their ability to blend in. You go to them for the opposite—they're the guys who score the touchdown and get the girl." Clooney not only transformed himself but sacrificed his US$20-million fee and worked for a hairstylist's salary, says Gaghan. "George is willing to use his status to make things he really cares about." And as Bob, he reveals a dark side we've never seen. "For such a happy-go-lucky guy, he has a real streak of melancholy that fits with the tone of the film."

Clooney's rumpled character is akin to John le Carré's Smiley, an intelligence veteran confounded by functionaries with no interest in intelligence. In that sense he embodies Baer, whose book mixes wild anecdote with stern condemnation of Washington for sabotaging the CIA while letting terrorism flourish. After killing an arms dealer in Tehran, Bob is offered a cushy desk job—if he performs one last assignment. He is sent to assassinate the charismatic and progressive Prince Nasir (Alexander Siddig), heir to the throne in an unnamed, oil-rich country in the Persian Gulf.

But Clooney's character occupies only one of many storylines in a *realpolitik* maze that's so hard to decipher you're tempted to go fishing for a decoder ring in your popcorn. Just watching this film becomes an intelligence mission, as the mind races to keep up with the dense but brilliant intrigue.

There are byzantine declensions of evil. Chris Cooper plays a venal Texas oilman with the same Southern-fried swagger he brought to the role of a Marine officer in *Jarhead*. A gothically sinister Christopher Plummer, pruning roses as he conspires, portrays the godfather of a Washington law firm trying to legitimize a shady oil merger. Jeffrey Wright serves as his obtuse henchman. As a CIA sage, William Hurt dispenses wisdom in eye-dropper doses, like pure heroin. In yet another subplot, the ever-preppy Matt Damon plays a financial whiz whose marriage runs aground as he finds a poolside niche in Nasir's desert kingdom.



OSCAR POTENTIAL Clooney's *Good Night* is a cautionary tale of civil liberties under siege

Both Clooney and Beatty behave like unelected politicians, ready to rumble with conservatives

At the other end of this geopolitical food chain are two teenage migrant workers, who get recruited to the jihad after losing their jobs when the oil fields are taken over by the Chinese. Though destined to be terrorist martyrs, they emerge as the film's most innocent characters, casualties of an economic quake who lose their place in this world, and are seduced by the glamour of a promised land that requires no work permit.

In that sense, this Hollywood epic has a bizarre affinity to a small, award-winning film that comes directly from the Middle East—*Paradise Now*, a riveting Palestinian thriller about two decent but misguided young men who are enlisted as suicide bombers against Israel. Both movies even feature martyr videos made by terrorists before embarking on their missions. Surprisingly, the Palestinian film is more cynical about the suicide-bombing business as a prospective martyr delivers his last words to the camera, the tape malfunctions, and the bored video operator, idly munching on a sandwich, asks for a second take.

Oddly enough, *Paradise Now* is also more accessible than *Syriana*, and plays more freely with Hollywood formula. It begins as a buddy movie. Before terrorism is an issue, we develop an affection for its slacker protagonists, Said (Kais Nashef) and Khaled (Ali Suliman), childhood friends in the West Bank town of Nablus who are stuck in dead-end jobs as auto mechanics. Said is on the verge of falling in love with a lovely, sensible young woman when he and Khaled are conscripted to carry out a strike in Tel Aviv. They are ritually shaved, strapped with explosives—and dressed in black suits right out of *Reservoir Dogs*.

Writer-director Hany Abu-Assad has managed to make a movie that bristles with discourse—virtually every character articulates a distinct argument in the Palestinian conflict—yet it builds nail-biting suspense more efficiently than most Hollywood thrillers. It helps that something real is at stake. The script was partly based on interrogation transcripts of captured suicide bombers who had failed their missions. And it was filmed in Nablus, in the crossfire of a war zone. But after a rocket attack, a land mine explosion and the kidnapping of the locations manager—who was freed by the intervention of Yasser Arafat—the crew finally moved the shoot to safer ground in Nazareth.

Paradise Now clearly disapproves of terrorism. But the movie shows us the human face of suicide bombers, and helps us understand why they exist. From the opposite end of world cinema, *Syriana* tries to do the same thing. Hollywood had been fighting the war on terror well before George W. Bush got into the act—the swarthy, bomb-happy psycho has long been the villain of choice in the action blockbuster. So it's jarring, to say the least, to see a studio film that depicts terrorists with a measure of pathos, as cannon fodder in a war beyond their comprehension.

Clooney waived his $20-million fee. He is 'willing to use his status to make things he really cares about.'

Clooney endured his own war in making *Syriana*, and didn't make it easy on himself. In filming the graphic torture scene, he tore the sheath protecting his spinal fluid, and has suffered brutal headaches ever since. "I basically bruised my brain," he says. There seems to be a cruel irony at work. Clooney is a star unafraid to play older, and sometimes dumber—the Coen brothers cast him as a verbose idiot in *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* Now, he's hurt his brain while playing an intelligence officer who's too smart for his own good. Bob, working undercover in Beirut, tells whoever asks that he's Canadian. Uh oh. One more reason for conservatives to suspect George of un-American activities. M





HUMAN FACE *Paradise Now* is sympathetic to its suicide bombers but against terrorism



WE'RE STALKING . . . DANIEL CRAIG

The five-foot-eleven actor recently dropped by Dean & DeLuca in Washington's Georgetown area where he's filming *The Visiting*. He's also been prepping for his upcoming 007 role by checking into hotels under the name Jimmy Bond. As for the love triangle with Sienna Miller and friend Jude Law, all seems to be sorted out—Law and Miller are canoodling once again and last month, in Manhattan, Craig, 37, was walking hand-in-hand with a babe of his own.

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KIDS AND YOUNG ADULTS are abandoning the medium, leaving fiftysomethings to take up the slack

Will television die with the boomers?

The networks are struggling to recruit future couch potatoes

BY JOHN INTINI In the future, TV will be brought to you wherever and whenever you want. That is, of course, if the next generation buys into it. Starting in January, CBS and NBC will offer on-demand and commercial-free replays of several prime-time programs for US99 cents an episode. The strategy—like Apple's recent decision to post downloadable reruns of *Lost* and *Desperate Housewives* on iTunes for their iPod users at US$1.99—is meant to provide flexibility and, most importantly, seduce young people who are increasingly distracted by the Internet, video games and instant messaging. "Instead of bringing young people to TV," says Paul Attallah, a Carleton University communications professor, "the networks are bringing TV to them."

The question is, will kids care? According to Statistics Canada, TV viewing among young Canadians is slipping. *Men* between 18 and 24 spent just 11.1 hours a week flipping the channels in 2003, down sharply from 14.3 hours in 1998. Women in the same age group watched 15.5 hours a week in 2003—a two-hour drop from 1998. Similar patterns occurred among teens and children. And yet, the average Canadian still watches about 22 hours a week, which has held steady for five years. That's because parents and grandparents are still spending a lot of time on their couches, remote in hand.

Although not exactly the dream demographic, this isn't necessarily bad news for advertisers. "Clients who are just looking to reach younger consumers are missing the boat," says Sunni Boot, president of Zenith Optimedia, a Toronto firm that buys TV spots for marketers. "This so-called older consumer has never had more purchasing power. Fifty is the new 30." The networks certainly get it. In this post-*Friends* and *Seinfeld* era, prime time has been hijacked by boomers—from William L. Petersen solving crimes as Gil Grissom on *CSI*, to Geena Davis running the world as President Mackenzie Allen on *Commander in Chief*, to Donald Trump, as his obnoxious self, on *The Apprentice*. Millions of boomer viewers are turning these shows into TV's top-ranked programs—the average age of the audience for most is pushing 50.

'Younger people have no problem playing a video game for 99 hours. Television is not as immediate.'

That's fine now, but as boomers grow old and die, TV, as we know it, could be in trouble. The coming generations will not grow into the medium as readily as their parents—many of whom still remember a time when there were only a couple of channels and watching TV was a family event. "We're raising a very different kind of person now," says Tim Blackmore, a media studies professor at the University of Western Ontario. "Older audiences expect an entire narrative in an hour. Young people have no problem playing a video game for 99 hours because they're thoroughly involved. Television is not as immediate as a video game. The moral of the story for Hollywood is that this generation has grown up with a high level of interactivity and will expect that from TV."

New strategies to entice viewers are also important because ad dollars are increasingly split. This year, $519 million will be spent on Internet advertising in Canada—43 per cent more than 2004. TV networks have had to respond. "They're using more sexual frankness and shocking imagery to try to get young people back," says Attallah. "*American Gladiators*, with semi-naked babes hanging over a pit of alligators, was the way they did it in the late-'80s. Now we have shows like *Nip/Tuck*."

One of the big problems with TV, according to Attallah, is that it has become too specialized. "The networks are giving away the franchise by not programming to a more diverse and larger audience," he says. "By deliberately breaking down the audience into smaller and smaller segments, there is a lack of programming with crossover appeal. I'm not recommending more shows like *7th Heaven*, but maybe every episode of *Law & Order SVU* doesn't have to embarrass you when watching it with your kids, or make your kids embarrassed when they watch it with you."

But Murray Pomerance, sociology chair at Ryerson University, thinks the big networks are making the necessary changes. "Video games and surfing the net provide sustained, addictive involvement with no completion," he says. "That's what young people want, and TV has been taken over by a new structure of shows, ones that never resolve, like *Lost* and *Prison Break*." So expect more of that—or else television may go the way of the Walkman. M



THE RIOTS IN FRANCE ... ACCORDING TO TV

"The streets of suburb Clichy-sous-Bois have been filled with angry, mostly unemployed Arab and African immigrants clashing with police and setting cars on fire. Their message: we're angry and we're not going to let you park here anymore." – Jon Stewart

"Eleven straight days of rioting. It's just been crazy. But President Bush has said, 'Don't worry.' And he's offered France the full use of FEMA." – David Letterman



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WHEN THE NIGHT FEELS THEIR SONG Sinclair (left), Malinowski and Pengelly

Reggae got soul...and calypso, and jazz

Fusion trio Bedouin Soundclash is dedicated to collapsing musical boundaries

BY NANCY MACDONALD Fresh from the U.K.'s Reading and Leeds festivals, behold Bedouin Soundclash: the classification-defying musical fusion outfit behind the summer anthem *When the Night Feels My Song*, now ubiquitous on the airwaves. You'd assume, for all its sunny Carib cheer, that the song sprang from a Montego Bay dance hall. Not so: the trio formed in Kingston—Ontario, that is, known for its university, not its teeming slums. But the band's sound is infused with beats from the Jamaican capital's Trenchtown neighbourhood—seemingly as alien to Canada as a block heater to the tropics.

As a freshman at Queen's, Vancouver bred frontman Jay Malinowski shared a residence, and a milk-crate collection of Jamaican 45s, with Peterborough, Ont.-born bassist Eon Sinclair, whose West Indian roots attuned him to calypso. Kingston drummer Pat Pengelly brought to the mix a fondness for the syncopated rhythms of jazz. Before they sat for their first exams, they had started work on a demo.

The result, four years and three degrees later, is a joyful collision of sounds, evident in the band's debut album, *Root Fire* (2002), and further refined in this year's *Sounding a Mosaic*, which features *When the Night Feels My Song*. There's been a growing acceptance of the group's genre-bending, but when they started in 2001, critics pronounced them reggae and declared Canadian kids can't make reggae. They weren't the only skeptics: the band's own label had doubts. "When they first heard *When the Night Feels My Song*, they said it would never get played on the radio," recalled Malinowski before he stepped onstage for Bedouin Soundclash's sold-out Vancouver show last week, the start of their current cross-Canada tour.

Although the band, now based in Toronto, acknowledges the ska/reggae basis of its sound, the three musicians resist being slotted into a single category, insisting that their intention is to collapse musical boundaries and blend styles. Malinowski considers the band's latest album a definitive break from the CanRock tradition—which is, at its core, white rock 'n' roll—and predicts "a new wave of bands" that will further depart from that canon. "We're trying to be part of the mosaic—whatever that is, whether that's a reality or just an ideal," he says. "We're sounding out what that mosaic could be."

Take *Gyasi Went Home*, which opened their Vancouver show: imbued with the buoyant vibe of Afro-pop, its sped-up guitars also conjure calypso—a genre that, like American blues, sprang from slave culture as a medium for social commentary. The song originated in a visit Sinclair, 23, made to his parents' native Guyana, where he came up with its walking bass line. Malinowski's lyrics were inspired by Sinclair's discovery of a homeland divided by racial tension. True to form, the song's festive tone belies the angst of its message.

Malinowski, 23, a fine arts grad and professional painter (who recently showed at Toronto's Gallery Bibianne), often weaves stories of fictional characters into his lyrics. But he doesn't shy away from dark or weighty sociopolitical issues, as with *Shadow of a Man*, which alludes to the walking dead who inhabit the devastated corners at the centre of most cities. In a poetic nod to workers, the champions of reggae's past, *Immigrant Work force* tells the tale of a man of "stalwart stock" who has placed his hopes on North America. The track might have been titled *Immigrant Workhorse*, as the melancholic monotony of its bassline echoes his life's plodding drudgery, beginning "when the alarm goes off in the blue morning dark."

> **'We're trying to be part of the mosaic,' says Malinowski, 'whether that's reality or just an ideal'**

To Malinowski, these songs are as alive as club tracks. "You can come out and dance, or you can listen and learn from them." The young Vancouver crowd, a curious mix of earnest punks and coiffed frat boys, preferred to dance and seemed, at times, bemused by the band's eclecticism, as when Pengelly, 24, stepped from behind the drums to sing with Malinowski in a spare rockabilly encore.

With Malinowski's symbolic, message-laden compositions, his gravely lyrical delivery, and his occasional gritty rebel yell, Bedouin Soundclash often seems to be channelling Bob Marley's early Wailers. But there's a more upbeat quality to the band's sound, a brazenness and optimism that seem unmistakably Canadian. M



MADONNA HAS SOMETHING TO SAY

I don't like cities, but I like New York / Other places make me feel like a dork / Los Angeles is for people who sleep / Paris and London, baby you can keep / Other cities always make me mad / Other places always make me sad / No other city ever made me glad / Except New York / I love New York / If you don't like my attitude, then you can F-off / Just go to Texas, isn't that where they golf? — from I Love New York (Confessions on a Dance Floor)



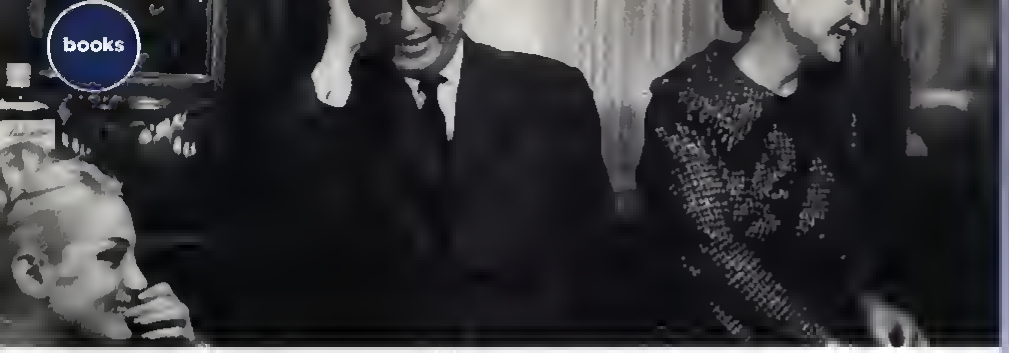
DUSTIN RABIN (TOP)

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THE TWO WRITERS reached the apex of a culture that treats its intellectuals like rock stars

Being, nothingness, and lusting after babes

For 51 years, Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir stayed true—in their own extraordinary way

BY BRIAN BETHUNE Almost from the time in 1929 when Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir finished first and second in the *agrégation*, France's gruelling, nationwide teacher examinations, the two philosophers have been inseparable in the public mind. After the Second World War, they emerged as perhaps the most famous intellectuals in the world. Novels like *Nausea*, plays like *No Exit* and existentialist classics like *Being and Nothingness* eventually brought Sartre the Nobel Prize, de Beauvoir's fame rests on her groundbreaking feminist work, *The Second Sex*, and her achievements as a memoirist. And they accomplished all of it within the context of their famous commitment to one another, a 51-year relationship as unconventional as it was enduring. It lasted until 1980, when Sartre died—she joined him in a dual grave in 1986. They never married or even lived together, and openly had other lovers (sometimes shared). But, no matter whom else they dalled with, they told each other *everything*—their relationship, in his words, was "absolute" and, above all, "transparent."

Indivisible in life and death, Sartre and de Beauvoir are now the subjects of *Tête à Tête* (HarperCollins), Hazel Rowley's extraordinary new biography. The book was no easy task for Rowley, a fine writer and a huge fan of the couple (especially de Beauvoir) who worried that the petty—and frequently sordid—details of their lives might end up trivializing the two. Born in London and raised in Australia, Rowley, now 53, studied French in Adelaide in the late 1960s, during what she calls "the tail end of the era when people still got married with in a year of leaving school." That idea horrified Rowley, and when she discovered de Beauvoir, it was an epiphany. "Her life struck me as a much more interesting alternative. Here was a woman in an open relationship, a writer who travelled all over, had affairs, who lived in a world in which Ulysses and Penelope *both* went out and had adventures, and then came back and talked about it. For those two, everything was fodder for their writing."

And that writing included hundreds of letters that caused a scandal when some of them were published after their deaths. The shock lay in what many saw as a spiteful hypocrisy. What "transparency" meant to Sartre and de Beauvoir was now clear. letter after letter mocks their other lovers, describing exactly what each writer was doing sexually, often with the same woman (even though de Beauvoir had always denied ever having lesbian sex). A recurring theme in their lives was to adopt a protege, like 17-year-old Olga Kosakiewicz, whom de Beauvoir met in 1933. Two years later, the Frenchwoman proposed to the Russian refugee that she and Sartre take care of her and pay for her education.

The two women started an affair, and Sartre began his two-year pursuit of Olga. He never succeeded with her, but in 1937 he met her equally beautiful younger sister, Wanda, and did manage to seduce her by 1939. After the great moment, the philosopher—who was much more interested in seduction than the physicality of sex—left Wanda lying in her hotel bed so he could get to a cafe and write de Beauvoir with the news. De Beauvoir, for her part, was troubled by the jealousy she felt over Olga, and wrote a novel, *She Came to Stay* (1943), in which the de Beauvoir character kills the Olga character. That seems to have purged de Beauvoir's feelings—she dedicated the novel to Olga.

They mock their other lovers, describing what each writer was doing sexually, often with the same woman

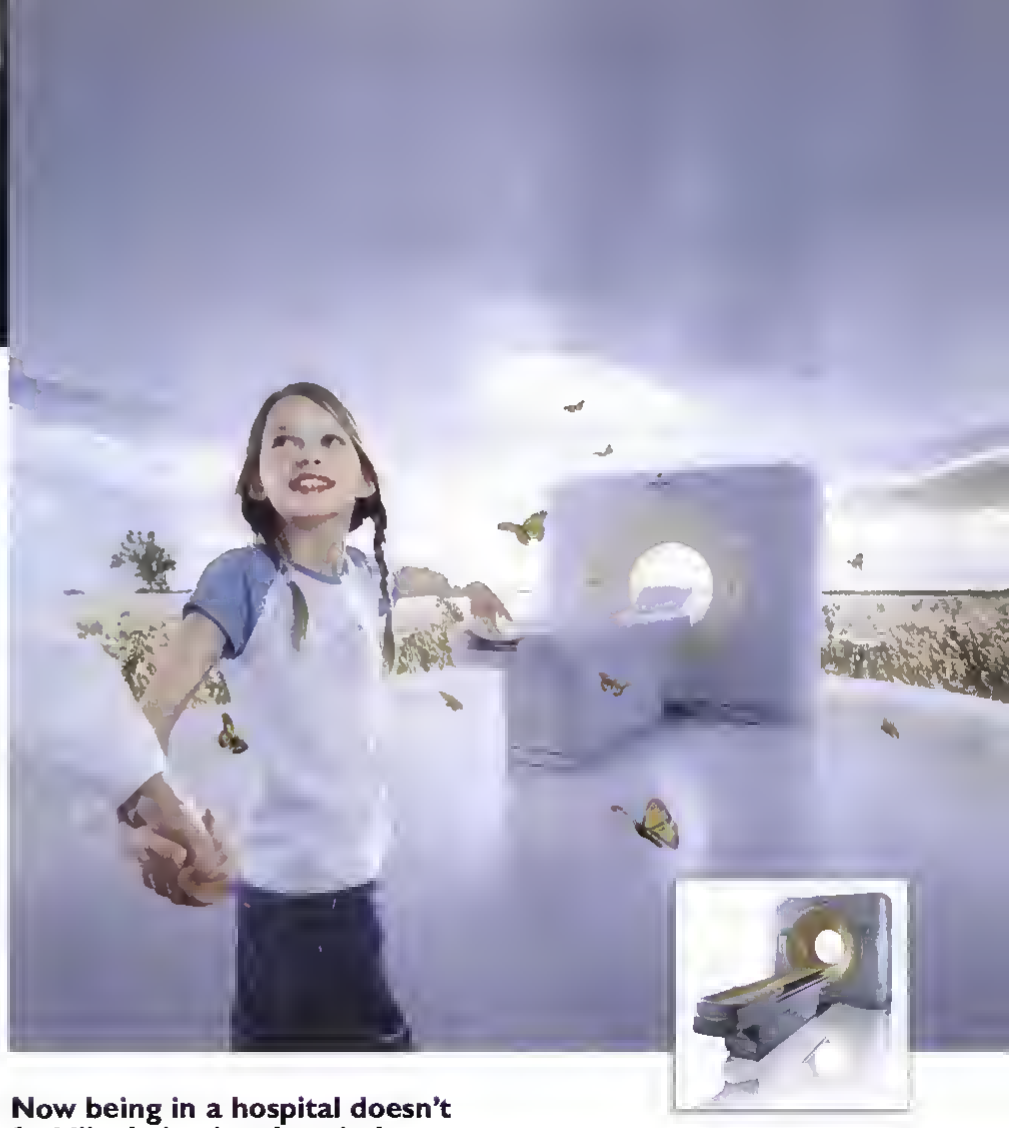
The triangles—and the writer's material they provided—continued for most of their lives. That they rarely brought de Beauvoir and Sartre any trouble or even bad press is a tribute to their godlike stature—two personalities who had risen to the apex of a culture that treats its intellectuals like rock stars. (It's possible to imagine a French reality TV show, an *idole française*, in which wannabe philosophers compete for a book contract and a reserved table in a chic cafe.)

Sartre eventually adopted one of his lovers, Arlette Elkaim, with whom he had an affair when he was 51 and she 19. de Beauvoir did the same with Sylvie Le Bon—Rowley believes the two were briefly lovers when Le Bon was 17 and de Beauvoir 42. (Le Bon has said only that the relationship was "carnal but not sexual," whatever that Clinton-like comment might mean.) The two adoptees are now their parents' literary executors and control access



FINALLY A BOOK ABOUT...

Sartre and the mojito, not to mention other famous people and other famous drinks. Christine Sismondo's *Mondo Cocktail* (McArthur) is an elegant and amusing volume of factoids you can serve up along with your gimlets. Some of the "facts" are more dubious than others—did Winston Churchill's mother really invent the manhattan? As for the link between French philosophy and Cuban rum, maybe so, but it probably only becomes clear through the bottom of several mojito glasses.



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books

to correspondence. Both are now in their 60s, and live near one another in Paris, but don't speak. Le Bon fully co operated with Rowley, Elkann did not. Because of the differences between French and North American copyright law—the latter allows "fair use" quotations from copyright material—HarperCollins has published two versions of *Tête à Tête*, with some references removed from the European edition.

Rowley does a marvellous job of sifting through this tangled web and putting it in context. She doesn't flinch at any part of the couple's lives. "Actually, I find them admirable. I don't know anybody else who lived life as intensely. I don't know how they managed to work so hard, write so much, drink so hard, sleep around so much. There's something rather sweet about them." M

BESTSELLERS

COMPILED BY BRIAN BETHUNE

Fiction

		LAST WEEK (WEEKS ON LIST)
1.	**THE SEA** by John Banville	(1)
2.	**THE LIGHTHOUSE** by P.D. James	1 (2)
3.	**A BREATH OF SNOW AND ASHES** by Diana Gabaldon	3 (6)
4.	**THE DA VINCI CODE** by Dan Brown	6 (119)
5.	**THE PENELOPIAD** by Margaret Atwood	2 (3)
6	**ARTHUR & GEORGE** by Julian Barnes	4 (5)
7	**SHALIMAR THE CLOWN** by Salman Rushdie	9 (8)
8.	**KNIFE OF DREAMS** by Robert Jordan	5 (3)
9.	**A MAP OF GLASS** by Jane Urquhart	7 (10)
10.	**THE TIME IN BETWEEN** by David Bergen	(1)

Non-fiction

1.	**THE YEAR OF MAGICAL THINKING** by Joan Didion	1 (4)
2.	**FREAKONOMICS** by Steven D. Levitt and Stephen J. Dubner	4 (20)
3.	**THEATRE OF THE MIND** by Jay Ingram	(1)
4.	**THE BEDSIDE BOOK OF BIRDS** by Graeme Gibson	(1)
5	**MAO: THE UNKNOWN STORY** by Jung Chang and Jon Halliday	2 (2)
6	**A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY** by Kurt Vonnegut	(1)
7.	**THE CITY OF FALLING ANGELS** by John Berendt	9 (6)
8	**THE SECRET MULRONEY TAPES** by Peter C. Newman	6 (8)
9.	**UNTOLD STORIES** by Alan Bennett	7 (2)
10.	**QUICKSANDS** by Bedford Sybille	10 (5)

Now for the Top 10 rejects



SCOTT FESCHUK

This Just In. *Tom Cruise dumps his sister as his spokesperson and hires a veteran celebrity publicist*

For the actor's popularity, this has been an *annus horribilis*—or, to translate from Latin to the language of show business, a *year guttenbergian*. With Cruise's couch-prancing antics on *Oprah* and the irritating superiority with which he's proclaimed the righteousness of Scientology, the only people currently getting worse press in Hollywood are the four women who have hips.

But underneath this short-tempered, expressively affectionate flake with the smile so tight-jawed and intensely forced that one day his teeth are going to explode in a cloud of gleaming white dust exists the same megalomaniacal superstar we know and mostly tolerate. A new publicist isn't the answer—all Tom Cruise needs to do to repair his public image is follow this five-point plan:

- Insist that for the past year he's been walking around "in character" for his upcoming role as a pathetic, abrasive loser.
- Stop making out in fancy restaurants with his hot fiancee—and start making out in fancy restaurants with someone else's hot fiancee. He's a celebrity: that's his *job*.
- If a journalist brings up Scientology, slyly change the subject by replying: "You know what's delicious? Pop Tarts."
- Uncover Caramilk secret—share with a grateful world.
- I don't know... maybe stop acting like a complete nutjob?

This Just In: *Singer Gloria Estefan has become the latest celebrity to write and publish a children's book*

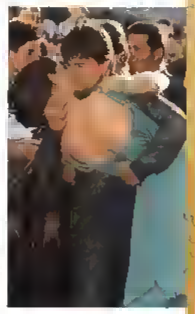
It's official: the list of famous people who have *not* written a kids' book is now down to Christopher Walken, Mr. T and that girl with no neck on *Dallas*. It's become a rite of passage for celebrities—just like checking into Betty Ford, but with more rhyming.

Parents of the world: the time has come for us to broker a deal with the stars—something along the lines of "you stop writing lousy books for our children and we'll find some other way to help finance your heroin habits." Because if we don't act now, we'll have only ourselves to blame for the trends that will inevitably follow: the toddler thongs, the Desperate Housewives Underoos and the line of baby soothers shaped like the nipples of famously chesty celebrities. *Honey, the baby's crying! Can you help me find his Angelina?*

This Just In. *Fox, the TV network that has bestowed upon human civilization such whole some fare as* When Animals Attack, Joe Millionaire *and* When Animals Attack Joe Millionaire *(or did I just dream that last one?), will on Dec. 9 air a reality show on which children's letters to Santa will be answered.*

Dear Billy,

Thanks for writing. The elves and I enjoyed your letter. Billy, I'm afraid that here at the North Pole we're fresh out of "cans of whup-ass," so you're going to have to open something else on your cheating "beeyatch." On a happier note, I will be bringing you the toy car, the action figure and the plausible alibi for that "unpleasantness" involving your sister, her tricycle and that very steep hill. In return, let's keep with our little tradition: don't forget to leave out the milk, the cookies and the hooker.



Your dawg,
S. Claw

This Just In. Maclean's *marks its centennial with a bold makeover*

Top 10 Rejected Ideas for the New *Maclean's*

10. To boost sales, name to be changed from *Maclean's* to Harry Potter and the Goblet of Current Affairs

9 All articles to feature state-of-the-art scratch-n-sniff technology

8. To attract younger readers, Peter C. Newman's fusty nautical hat to be replaced with backwards baseball cap

7. Mandatory use in all cover stories of the word "groin."

6. One page in each issue to be made from scrumptious taffy

5. To make *Maclean's* more interactive, one lucky CEO each week gets to jab Steve Mauch with a stick

4. Quest for more provocative covers reaches inevitable conclusion with appearance of a painless Gordon Pinsent.

3 Deranged John Inimi begins asking celebrities to finish his vegetables

2. Provocative new column written by Rex Murphy's hairdo

And the No. 1 Rejected Idea for the New *Maclean's*—Old cover slogan: "Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine." New cover slogan: "Buy me! I might have a half-naked lady inside!" M



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THE ASSUMPTION is that women are intimidated when it comes to buying wine because the industry has for too long been geared toward men

Designed by a female winecologist

Finally, women get a wine of their own. Whether they wanted one or not.

BY LIANNE GEORGE Among marketers, there is a well-worn theory that women will embrace any product if it's reconfigured in a magenta wrapper and sold with a sassy tag line. In this tradition, Beringer Blass Wine Estates of California recently introduced White Lie, the first wine specifically developed—just like a panty liner!—"for women by women." Packaged in lipstick red—with one of seven little white lies printed on the cork, including "It was on sale" and "Never on the first date"—White Lie is being marketed as an everyday wine, a low-alcohol, calorie-reduced Chardonnay for the modern gal-on-the-go. If chick lit came in a bottle, it would taste like this.

The past year has seen the emergence of a new niche market in the wine industry—the flummoxed female. In an attempt to remedy an industry-wide belief that women are disproportionately confounded by the beverage—the varietals, the regions, the pricing—wine marketers are creating products with tarted-up labels and estrogen-fuelled names like Working Girl, Mad Housewife and Seduction (sold in a blood red organza gift bag, the packaging equivalent of trashy lingerie).

To further help the fairer sex demystify the wine-shopping experience, books with titles like *Wine Chic Women* and *The Saucy Sisters' Guide to Wine* have shown up—as well as *Wine Adventure*, "the first wine magazine for women." One book, *Wine for Women: A Guide to Buying, Pairing, and Sharing Wine*, by U.S. wine writer Leslie Sbrocco, helpfully offers fashion related mnemonic devices for identifying grapes. Chardonnay, for instance, is the "basic black of any wine wardrobe." Pinot Noir is the "silk dress of reds." Unfortunately, this gimmick will be of little use to a reader who wants to know what a given wine actually tastes like—whether it's sweet or floral or gamy, or whether it goes with chicken.

Behind all these new products is the assumption that anxiety about wine selection is more than anything else a gender issue. According to these equal-opportunity wine advocates, the industry has for too long been geared toward men. Shop clerks, they say, too often steer women toward the cheap stuff, shoo them away like children, or ignore them altogether. "There are many female consumers out there who don't engage with wine on a regular basis because they find it intimidating to shop for," says Tracey Mason of Beringer Blass. White Lie, which Mason co-developed and which will be available in Canada next spring, is designed to make the experience more "fun" and "accessible" to women—to "break down the snob barrier."

Yet all the research suggests that women, as a group, aren't intimidated at all. In the U.S., women make over 60 per cent of wine purchases. And wine experts say that rather than shying away from confusing products, women are quick to ask questions and take risks when buying wine. "I've worked in wine stores and I've talked to buyers as a seller of wine," says Natalie MacLean, publisher of the popular Canadian wine website *Nataliemaclean.com*. "What happens is that women are far more likely than men to ask for advice, the same way we're willing to ask for directions when we're lost. They aren't caught up in status and labels the way men are."

And the belief that women want to drink only dainty, crisp Chardonnays and white Zinfandels? Also false. In fact, the Wine Council of California found that the majority of women prefer reds. "As a woman and a wine writer, I find it boring," says MacLean of the new gendered approach to wine. "Women have been drinking and making some of the best wine for years. Here in Niagara you've got Deborah Paskus. In California, you've got Helen Turley and Heidi Barrett who make practically all the cult wines that people chase after." Moreover, the celebrated wine critic Janets Robinson argues in her memoirs that women are the true arbiters of good wine, since there's evidence that females have a superior olfactory sense for distinguishing complex aromas.

Some advice follows a fashion theme. Pinot Noir? The 'silk dress of reds.'

For reasons Mason can't fathom, her female peers have not responded favourably to White Lie. "Women in our own industry are saying, 'Well, why do we need a wine for women? Women are already drinking wine.'" This, she says, simply reflects their poor understanding of the brand. Maybe, or maybe it's that highly developed sense of smell. M

TODAY'S SPECIAL

Nestec, a Swiss-based subsidiary of the Nestlé Corp., recently filed a patent for the world's first "coffee beer"—although it won't get anyone drunk and it's likely to keep a person up all night. The new "fermented coffee beverage" pours slowly and foams like beer, but it's non-alcoholic, packed with caffeine, and smells intensely of coffee. No word yet on how it will taste, although Nestle says its fermentation process will introduce "fruity and/or floral notes."



IT'S BACK: Dommie Bellissimo for ITA (left), Furko by Theo, Elextra, Jean Crisan, Paula Lishman

Fur the love of being seen

Canadian furs are out of the closet. Cropped, cinched or tie-dyed, this is not your mother's mink.

BY BARBARA RIGHTON Stewart Chadnick, co-owner of Pat Flesher Furs, an upscale furrier in Ottawa, likes to wax rhapsodic about his inventory. "I'm looking at one rack right now, and the coats are pink and plum, blue and red, and lime green," he says breathlessly. "They have nippy little waists and they're meant to be worn with jeans. You know, it's that high-end/low-end bohemian mix." All of a sudden, after two decades of political correctness and minimalism in fashion, fur is officially out of the closet and on every runway from Vancouver to Milan. But the new fur jackets and accessories look nothing like your mother's bear-sized mink. Instead, they're brash and colourful, cut short for maximum midriff appeal, or sheared to create a long, sleek silhouette. Just last week, for example, Chadnick sold a three-quarter-length velvet mink—dyed *lilac*—to a silver-haired femme fatale for $7,000. "These coats are definitely not meant for church on Sunday," he says.

The global fur trade is undergoing a massive resurgence, and Canada's homegrown fur designers, retailers, farmers and 70,000-odd licensed trappers couldn't be happier about it. After all, wild fur—beaver, marten, raccoon and fox—practically built this country, and its quality is still prized worldwide. As one industry insider put it, "Canada is to fur what Switzerland is to watches." According to Industry Canada, between 2003 and 2004 Canadian fur exports rose eight per cent to $361 million. Last winter in the U.S., Canada's primary market, retail sales hit a record high of US$1.8 billion. Around the world, sales topped US$11.7 billion. "It's like fur skipped a generation and now it's huge," says Alan Herscovici of the Fur Council of Canada. To keep the momentum going, the council recently launched a multi-million-dollar marketing campaign to showcase local talent, including a four-page, US$200,000 ad that appears in the current issue of Anna Wintour's *Vogue*.

Of course, fur's recent history is fraught with controversy. Wintour knows this only too well, having recently been hit in the face with a tofu pie by angry activists from People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA), who decry her support for the industry. The use of fur first went out of favour with the rise of animal-rights activism in the '80s. When the anti-materialist grunge movement took hold in the early '90s, the industry fell into a full-fledged slump. But fashion is nothing if not cyclical. "Over the past couple of years, luxury has come on strong in fashion—and fur is the ultimate luxury," says *Flare* editor Lisa Tant, who credits the industry's comeback, in part, to the bling-happy rap movement. "Rappers and hip-hop guys wear a lot of fur," she says. "You can't get any more in your face about being wealthy than by wearing it."

But what's even more important than the fact that it *is* expensive, says Holt Renfrew fashion director Barbara Atkin, is that it *looks* expensive. And while the luxury market is exploding, Atkin says, "the trend now is everyday luxury for the many, instead of just the privileged few." In this spirit, she says, young women line up to buy handbags at $1,800 and fashion furs for $12,000 to $15,000, often paid for by plastic. Although designers like Dolce & Gabbana and Fendi charge upward of US$50,000, Atkins says furs don't have to carry a really hefty price tag to make a statement. "They are fashion," she says. "They say, 'Hey look at me.'"

Credit bling-happy rappers who want to 'get in your face about being rich'

Paula Lishman, one of the country's most innovative fur designers, operates her very profitable business out of Blackstock, Ont., near Oshawa. She invented a process of cutting pelts into strips and knitting them together to make silky, durable garments that feel impossibly light. Lishman, who calls herself "the beaver weaver," got her start in the '70s after she worked up the courage to bring a little tube hat she'd created to Creeds, then Canada's ultimate fashion hub. "They started jumping up and down," she says. Today, she sells to specialty stores, where one of her full-length coats fetches about $7,000. "I use thousands of beaver skins and marten, mink and farmed chinchilla," she says unapologetically. "Hey, fur is legal, legitimate and important." Although some may disagree on these last couple of points, says Atkin, there's no denying that fur is more lush and fashion-forward than ever. "Sure we could go green," she says. "Or we could go spend!" M

COURTESY OF THE FUR COUNCIL OF CANADA



WHAT THEY GOT FOR IT

In what is being hailed as the philatelic deal of the century, Bill Gross, a.k.a. the Bond King of Wall Street, recently traded a US$3-million stamp, the one-cent Z-grill, for a block of four inverted Jennys—thus completing his collection of every U.S. stamp issued in the 19th century. Gross amassed his collection, the only one of its kind, over many years, buying up prize stamps at auction houses under the mysterious pseudonym Monte Carlo.

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WHEN DO YOU KNOW things have finally fallen apart, wondered Logan

Getting a dog doesn't mean you've moved on

Jason Logan's new book is a poignant look at breaking up, muddling through, and starting again

BY JULIA McKINNELL "My ex-girlfriend gave me back the ring," says Toronto author and artist Jason Logan, recalling a "serious breakup" he had with a woman to whom he was engaged. "She didn't feel she could keep it, but now it feels like this cursed thing. A beautiful old ring from my great-grandmother, but what do you do with it? I couldn't give it to my next girlfriend."

Years later, Logan is still unsure what to do with the jinxed family heirloom. But at least his thoughts on the subject, and on the broader topic of broken relationships, have



led to something positive. Logan's *If We Ever Break Up, This Is My Book*, to be published on Dec. 1, is a series of poignant illustrations and captions about the universal but lonely truths of breaking up. In the book, Logan's real-life dilemma morphed into a drawing titled "So The Engagement Is Off," in which the author ponders benign new uses for the ring: fancy key chain, small napkin holder, fishing lure, dog tag, etc. "It happens," says Logan. "People get really close and it falls apart."

His own experience led him to think a lot about the phenomenon, he says. For instance, he wondered about the signs of disintegration—when do you know things have finally fallen apart? "Looking for something a little more personalized this Valentine's Day?" he asks in the book. "Why not say exactly what you mean with a homemade card." The page is filled with heart-shaped varieties, delivering brutal truth-

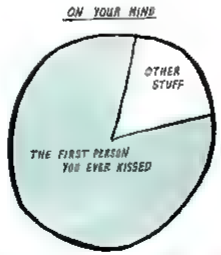


UMA THURMAN gets a special thanks in the book for her 'vote of confidence'

declaring messages such as "Yes, I do love you. But not quite in the same way as before. You know when people say they 'love' pasta primavera, well it's kind of like that." There's also a confused, tender, heart-shaped card that asks, "Are we still going out?" And its equally bewildered sister card that reads, "I don't have a clue what is going on in this relationship."

On this day, the 32-year-old Logan, an art director and freelance illustrator, is sitting at a park picnic table, leafing through a copy of the book while keeping one eye on his faithful canine companion: a fluffy, black, six-year-old "farm dog" who, Logan says, entered his life about a month after the broken engagement. "I never saw it as related at the time, but in retrospect, he was kind of a replacement," admits Logan, as he searches for the passage inspired by his pet. Deadpan, he reads: "Getting a dog doesn't necessarily mean you have moved on... and particularly not if you give it the name you had picked for the baby."

Logan dedicates a special thanks at the back of the book to Uma Thurman, whom he once met, shortly after her famous breakup with Ethan Hawke. "My sense from her was that I got a vote of confidence. It was more that I told her what I was doing and she's, like, 'That sounds like a good book.' And I was, like, well, if Uma Thurman likes the idea... It just made me feel good about it." M





MOST IMPROVED

Politics didn't always come easy to Michael Sessions, an 18-year-old high school student from Hillsdale, Mich. (population 9,000). His first foray—a run for student council earlier this year—was a flop. But that didn't stop him from campaigning for town mayor, with a war chest of some US$700 he'd earned over the summer selling caramel apples. Last week, Sessions triumphed over the 51-year-old incumbent, Douglas Ingles, 732 to 668.

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RECOMMENDED

Grow your hair and visit Lost islands with your girlie fly-fishing rod—or stay home and watch classic movie trailers

1. TURTLE BAY RESORT

If you want a close look at the cast of *Lost* without being branded a stalker, rent a room at this luxury hotel on Oahu island. Its gorgeous waterfront is one of the series' favourite locations to shoot, and Jack, Kate and Hurley can often be seen roaming the area.



2. YANNICK RIEU'S "I" IS MEMORY

Montreal jazz saxophonist trades pristine improvisations with pianist François Bourassa and others on his latest disc. In their 20-year careers, neither of the principals has ever done anything this clear-eyed and haunting.



3. CLASSIC MOVIE TRAILERS

Dial M For Murder, Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, Mr Smith Goes to Washington, Purple Rain, E.T the Extra-Terrestrial and hundreds more are available for your viewing pleasure at *www.movie-list.com/classics-alpha.shtml*

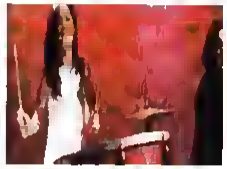
4. *A pearl fly-fishing rod*

and its matching pink tackle box are part of FisherGirl's new line of gear—the first rods made specifically for women and young girls who are looking to cast with style and grace. *www.fishergirl.com*



5. THE DENIAL TWIST

The new White Stripes music video sees Jack, Meg and Conan O'Brien through the funhouse-mirror eyes of director Michel Gondry (*Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*). And the song's pretty good, too.



6. BOBBY BROWN AND MIKE TYSON

dressed up for Halloween as James Brown and Dracula respectively, and performed *Monster Mash* on Jimmy Kimmel's talk show. Check out the hilarious historic TV moment at *abc.go.com/fsp/index.html?channel=JimmyKimmelLive*.

7. CLARK KENT AND LANA LANG

have finally hooked up on this season of *Smallville*. If that's not enough to entice you, James Marsters (Spike from *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*) has also joined the cast. And the show recently re-teamed *Dukes of Hazzard* good ol' boys Tom Wopat and John Schneider (who plays Clark's dad).



8. PETER SARSGAARD

creeped us out in *Boys Don't Cry* and stole scenes in *Kinsey, Garden State* and *Shattered Glass*. Now, as Marine sniper Troy in *Jarhead*, Sarsgaard breaks out of the one-note machismo that characterizes most others in the film, providing more proof that we're seeing the emergence of one of this generation's great character actors.



9. *PLANTRONICS' NEW LINE OF HEADSETS*

is so hot it got its own fashion show in Milan. The sets are also not too shabby in the tech department, boasting microphone and earphone with Bluetooth wireless links for cellphones and MP3 players.



10. THE SECRET MULRONEY TAPES

This documentary by Mike Sheerin (Nov. 21, 8pm, cbc) lets you listen in on those now infamous conversations between Peter C. Newman and the former PM—with footage from Mulroney's '80s reign in the background.



11. ASTROBOY

An eight-disc set goes back to the boy robot's roots with scenes from the original Japanese episodes.

12. *THE CONCERT FOR BANGLADESH*

held at Madison Square Garden in 1971 was the first of the massive charity benefit concerts. It was also organizer George Harrison's first major performance since the Beatles last tour in '66. A new deluxe edition comes with a two-dvd set of the concert, a reprint of the original poster and other souvenirs. But it's the onstage chemistry between Harrison and guests Bob Dylan and Eric Clapton that makes it worth reliving.



13. UNEMBEDDED

is the work of four independent photojournalists (including *Maclean's* contributor Rita Leistner) who have documented the war in Iraq. The images—not the kind you'd see in mainstream media—give us a more in-depth look at a country under occupation.



14. GROWING OUT YOUR HAIR

à la Chris Bosh. The Toronto Raptors forward has yet to achieve the height and fullness of a Ben Wallace 'fro, but at least he's no longer sporting a chrome dome. FYI: Tim Duncan's doing it too.

THE END

GORDON SANDERSON

1960–2005

'He doesn't like somebody to tell him what to do'

Gordon Sanderson was born in Niagara Falls, Ont., on Oct 1, 1960, to his mother, Jean Sanderson, a Scot, and his father, Hudson "Sandy" Sanderson, a P.E.I. native who owned the Niagara Falls service station—Glenholme Shell—where Gordon and his three brothers grew up pumping gas and fixing cars. Gordon went by Gord or Gordy, and was the eldest son and the second eldest of the Sanderson brood behind Terry, a sister a year older than him. He married young to Allison, a woman he wooed from his Harley-Davidson, and they had two sons, David and Daniel, though the marriage ended in 1996.



Gordon worked through his 20s and early 30s as a CAA tow-truck driver, a job that offered him considerable freedom. He was never one to take orders, and "he was always a person not to mince words," said his sister. It was his aversion to authority, his friends said, that led Gordon, late in life, to bush piloting in Canada's rough-and-tumble north, in and out of the towns and native reserves that surround Sioux Lookout, Ont. "I've known a lot of bush pilots over the years and that seems to be their common characteristic—they don't like supervision," said Jim Griffith, 68, a retired Air Canada pilot who knew Gordon for 15 years. "That's one of the beauties of being any kind of a pilot—you're a couple of thousand miles away from your boss most of the time."

Gordon taught himself to fly on an ultralight, the small, kite-like tricycle of aircraft. Soon he was proficient enough on the Cessna 185 and 310R—small propellered planes—to head north. He lived, over the years, in Cat Lake, Pickle Lake and Sioux Lookout, hopping between reserves—Pikangikum, Summer Beaver, Webequie—delivering cargo or depositing nurses or government workers or trappers to their lines. "Anything a taxi in downtown Toronto would do other than the trap line bit," said Howard Lockhart, a Sioux Lookout-based Texan who employed Gordon off and on for half a decade.

In his 30s, Gordon's dark hair was freckled with grey and his middle, after his first career at the wheel of a truck, was thick. Among his young colleagues—the cocky men in their 20s who piloted the bush planes alongside him—the look earned him the moniker "Papa Gourd," a measure of their affection for a man who, as one of his bosses put it, "had a few whiskers on the old boy—and a little wisdom."

Yet he was not unattractive. He was living in miniscule Pickle Lake in 2000 when Kana Nakashima, a Japanese woman 10 years his junior, joined him after a long struggle with immigration. Gordon's life revolved around planes, and Kana was no exception. They met in the mid-1990s at the St. Catharines Flying Club, where she had arrived from Nagoya to earn a pilot's license. Though she never completed her course, she met a man she describes as a "fantastic husband." He called her Kiddo. She, in turn, called him Daddy.

The pair had flying in common as well as an aversion to spending money. "He's half Scottish. According to his mum, it's frugal. But he was cheap," said Kana, 34. "I'm cheap too." She added. "He's stubborn too. That's another Scottish thing, I guess." But Gordon spent money liberally when moved by friendship, and frequently offered to help without, as Kana put it, asking "for the return." His half-ton truck, for example, was much in demand, and he would often help friends move.

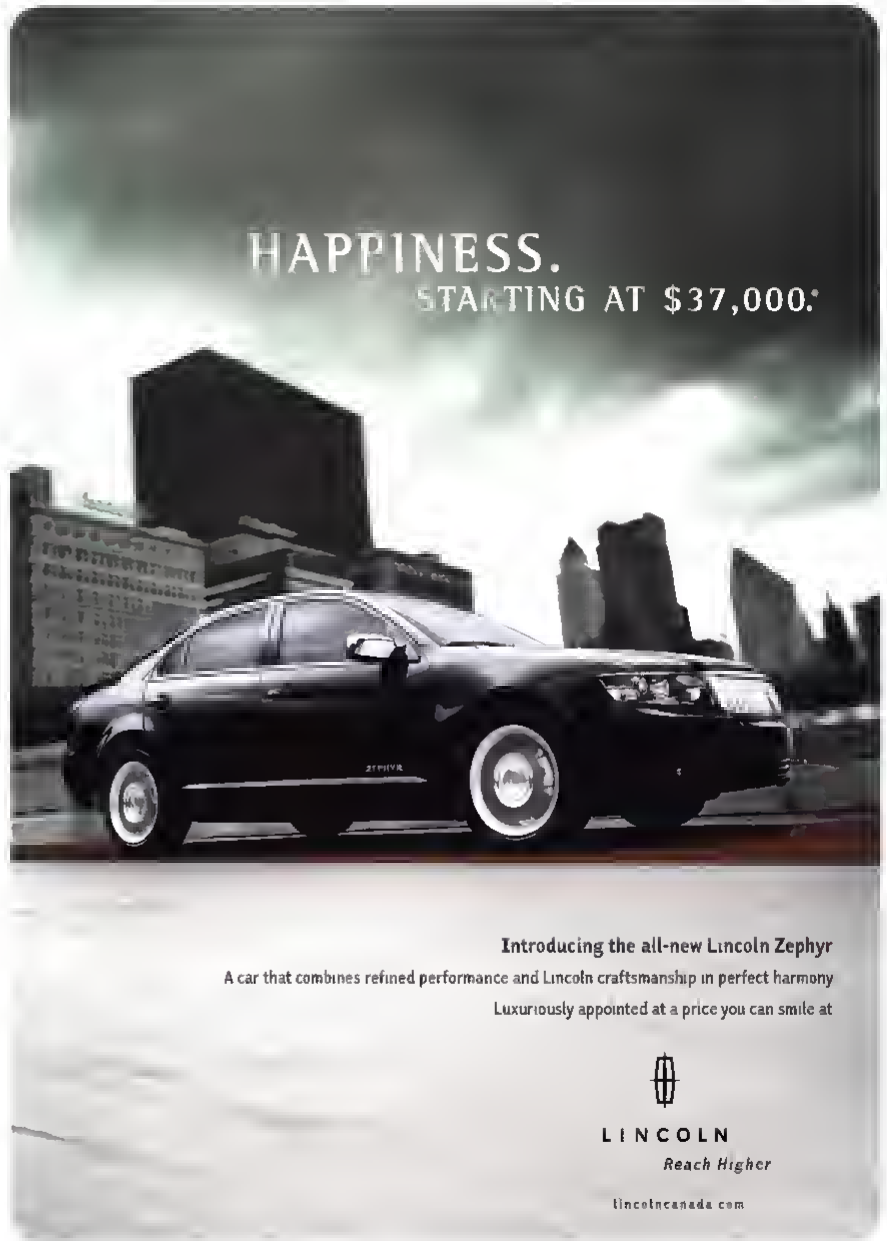
Gordon and Kana married first without ceremony in 1998. Years later, she planned a wedding in Nagoya, though Gordon pledged little else but his participation. "He doesn't see why you waste money for wedding," Kana said and laughed. "If you want to spend money and have a wedding, go ahead," she remembered him saying. Before the low-key ceremony, at a Nagoya restaurant, Kana dressed him in the Japanese wedding kimono of tradition, an outfit his belly—dubbed the "Sanderson gut" by the men of his family, who share it—complemented perfectly. "He was kind of good-looking," said Kana.

Later, back in the Canadian north country, Gordon clashed with his employers. "He doesn't like somebody to tell him what to do," said Kana. "That's the most reason he lose his job and then he has to find another job. But sometimes it takes a year or half a year or something. So that was hard for me." Still, she said, in his arguments with bosses, Gordon was 100 per cent right.

Last Sunday, at around 3:30 p.m., Gordon and some friends drove from St. John's, Nfld., to Cape Spear, a finger of rock jutting out into the Atlantic that is North America's easternmost point. Gordon, true to form, had come to help a friend move by U-Haul to Newfoundland. "He was so excited because he was going to be able to stand on the easternmost point of Canada," said his 34-year-old brother Adam. "That's how he was, he wanted to get out there and get as close as he could to the water." Gordon, again true to form, clambered past signs forbidding visitors from heading closer to the surf, and stood on the rocks by the sea. He was standing there when a wave swept him out into the Atlantic.

His body has yet to be recovered.

BY NICHOLAS HÖHLER



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